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APRIL 30, 1976

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. on Nixon as the Last Picture Show – see page 466

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Two Faces of Fidel Castro

CHARLES W. WILEY

Also:

Spiro Agnew's G[illegible] to the Press

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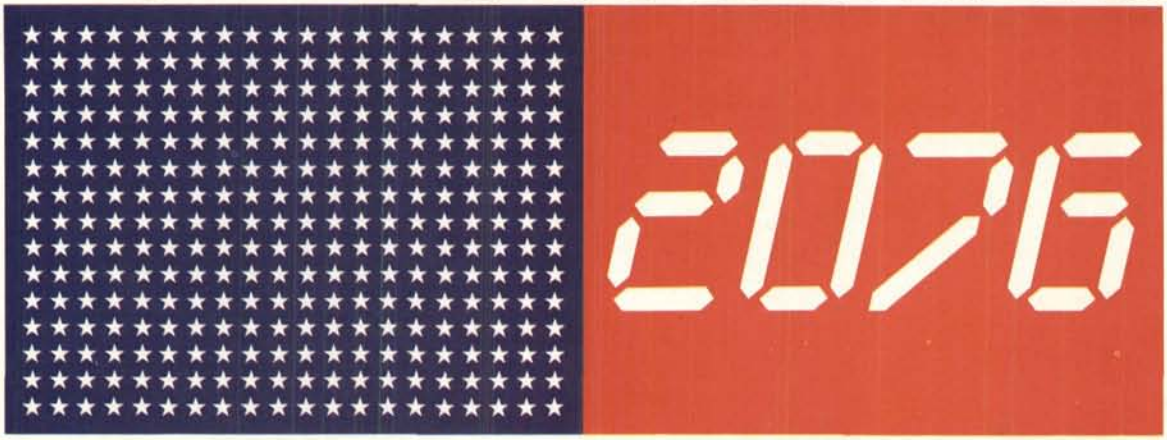

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VOL. XVIII, NO. 15

APRIL 30, 1976

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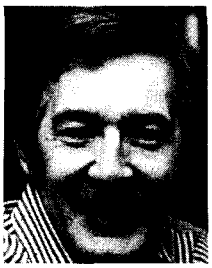

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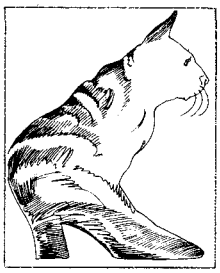

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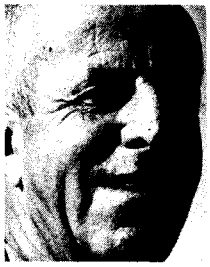

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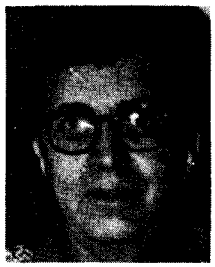

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442 **The Two Faces of Fidel Castro**
Dan Rather was rather smitten: he found Fidel much more to his taste and much less vulnerable to critical scrutiny than, oh, Richard Nixon. His CBS documentary on Cuba won the praise of *Venceremos* as "one of U.S. television's finest hours." Other American newsmen have been notably less rapturous, and a comparison of their perceptions with Rather's reminds one of Solzhenitsyn's question: What happens to the toughness of some tough American journalists when they enter a Communist country?
Charles W. Wiley

445 **Echoes of . . . Shh . . . (Spiro)**
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How do you convince a former President that you're not calling him a Communist when you quote Aristotle and Cicero?
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Satan's cleverest wile, Baudelaire remarked, is to make us think he doesn't exist. He's now taking in a number of churchmen.
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Southie held its annual St. Patrick's Day parade, and thereby hangs a sad, sad tale.
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Chilton Williamson Jr.

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IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from $2.44 to $3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

More benefits are on the way. More are needed.

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Letters

Welcome Home, Dr. Leary!

Wow! NATIONAL REVIEW has never been parochial, but it still startled me to see an article by Timothy Leary in your April 16 issue ["TV and the Outlaw Industry: How Our Paranoias Are Hyped for Fame and Profit"]. What surprised me even more, when I read the article, was to find that he made pretty damn good sense. Sure, some of the prose is kind of spaced-out (what on earth does he mean by a "neurological fact"?), but his thesis works. As examples of media events, we can point not only to the assassination attempts on President Ford, which he mentions, but also to the shooting of George Wallace, the assassination of Robert Kennedy, and most of the New Left activities in the late Sixties/early Seventies.

By the way, did anyone else notice that what Leary is saying about rock music now is essentially what the Birchers were saying a dozen years ago? But Leary's background makes it a little more convincing coming from him.

Pittsburgh, Pa. VALERIE WOOLF

A Warped What View?

Colin Clark's exposé, "A Warped Catholic View" [April 2], effectively neutralized a publication asking Catholics to accept ideas "in origin Marxist, widely endorsed in the Third World," etc. The title, unfortunately, tends to anoint with authority a schismatic little group of totalitarians hidden behind the robes of the United States Catholic Conference. The same group that resents the Roman Curia's speaking with the authority and approval of the Pope expects the studies of some committee, in this case the Department of Social Development and World Peace, to be accepted as a doctrinal pronouncement of the Catholic bishops of the United States.

Obviously, if certain bishops oppose doctrinal pronouncements or even commands of the Pope—whether they pertain to contraceptives, abortion, Marxism, First Confession before First Communion, Catechetics, or the wearing of religious habits—such bishops are to be respectfully ignored, if not branded as heretics or schismatics. No bishop has authority to teach in opposition to the Pope. The Second Vatican Council reaffirmed this in its "Prefatory Note" to the discussion of collegiality.

Views of dissenters who work for bishops should not be called "Catholic." It's against my civil rights.

Oak Park, Ill. JOHN L. GIBSON

Reagan et Alia

The April 2 issue was one of the very best. Two comments: Anyone who thinks Portugal is a madhouse ["From the Continent"] should take a quick look at Argentina. Sad that Ronald Reagan ["The Verdict: Slipping Landslide"] should have disqualified himself for the Presidency by so clearly failing to conceal indications of ability.

New York, N.Y. C. PARKINSON

I take great exception to the article by Mr. John R. Coyne Jr., "The Verdict."

As a very staunch supporter of Mr. Reagan, I wish to say that those of us who call ourselves conservative are as usual messing up our own nest, by playing with the security of our country like some kind of game. To the devil with all the football games. Get on the ball and back a man with views like Reagan's; he said loud, plain, and clear what is wrong with this country. The vote against Reagan shows where we stand in this country, with the little factions who can't see what is happening to our country right under their noses. Like the woman who voted for Carter because he was cute. Ronald Reagan could at least change this country's course.

God help the U.S.A. with the society that votes today. I doubt if we will ever see another election of the kind we once knew.

DeKalb, Ill. FRANK E. WARNER

Freshly Coyned

This Rick Brookhiser ["Kunstler's Children," April 2]—another John R. Coyne Jr.? His style admirably suits *NR*: entertaining, yet slicing; vivifying, yet demolishing. We just might have another Mencken on our hands. How I wish I had Rick in my English composition courses! It

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would be such a pleasure to give a student an "A" without feeling guilty about it. Let's hear more from him.

REV. DENNIS P. LYDEN
Bloomingdale, Ohio

Doctors on Mad. Ave.

"Cracks in the Guild Monopolies" ["The Week," April 2] is a stupid, irrational commentary on advertising and the practice of medicine. The rough idea is, evidently, to replace the fabric of medical ethics with the cloak of Madison Avenue.

My own medical experience began in 1920, and was never free of competition: to gain admission to medical school, to survive the course, to gain a good internship, and to succeed in eight or nine years of graduate study. The entire experience, then and since, has been competitive. The result was that the profession, every member of which endured this same trial for personal recognition and competence, achieved pre-eminence in medical science and medical skills. Now the federal master is to tell us how to practice, and *NR* recommends advertising. Both are contributing to the degradation of a once noble calling.

ROBERT JOHNSON NEEDLES MD
St. Petersburg, Fla.

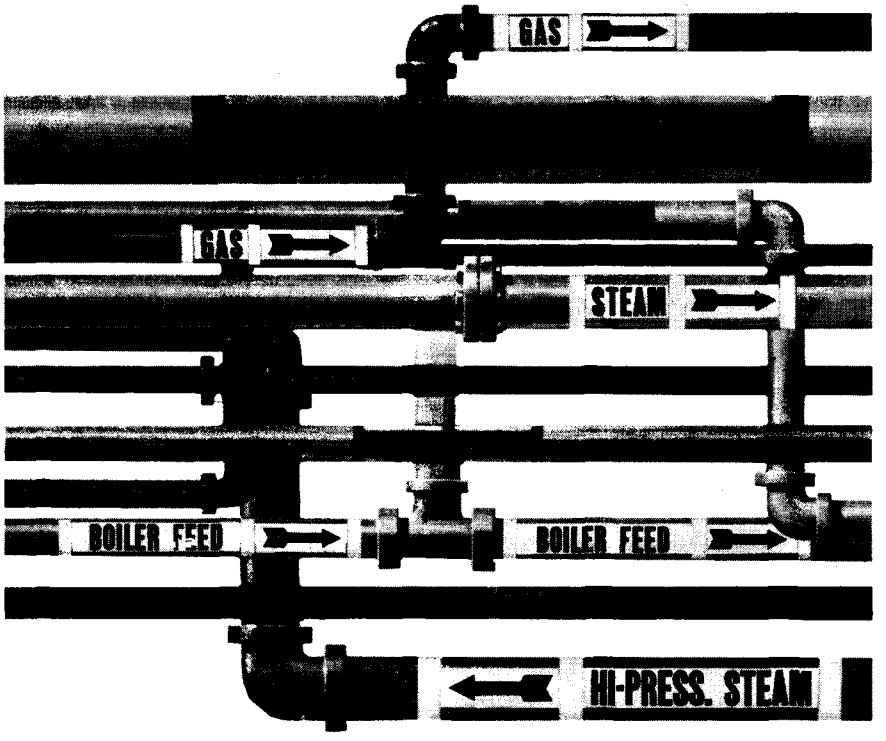
OK, *NR*, that rips it. You have run things in the past that have been reflections of popular prejudices concerning the medical profession, but this little blooper of yours is more than I can watch in silence. First off, the American Medical Association was caught in a net thrown toward the American Bar Association because of some peculiar suit brought against a bunch of lawyers for fixing fees; not, as your editorial would imply, an action brought primarily against the American Medical Association. Now that poor, dumb American Medical Association certainly doesn't deserve anyone's support, but it does deserve some sympathy; and it is not for one of your editorial writers to confuse the practice of law with the practice of medicine. Whether he likes it or no, if I chop your head off because I am a drunken doctor, that's one thing; and if I write your last will and testament sloppily, that is a whole different order of things.

If doctors now begin to advertise, since they are no less venal than other men, it will be the huckster who will be successful, rather than the skillful physician. As things stand now, any patient can find out anything he wishes to know about his physician or about any other physician through the county medical societies or, in the case of my office, by simply calling us. We gladly divulge fees also. I had always hoped that I would be known by the quality of my work, however, not through the multiplication of degrees and certificates, and, God help me, not because I took out a full-page ad in the local newspaper.

Martinsville, Va. J. MICHAEL BESTLER MD

→

Some pointers for safer piping



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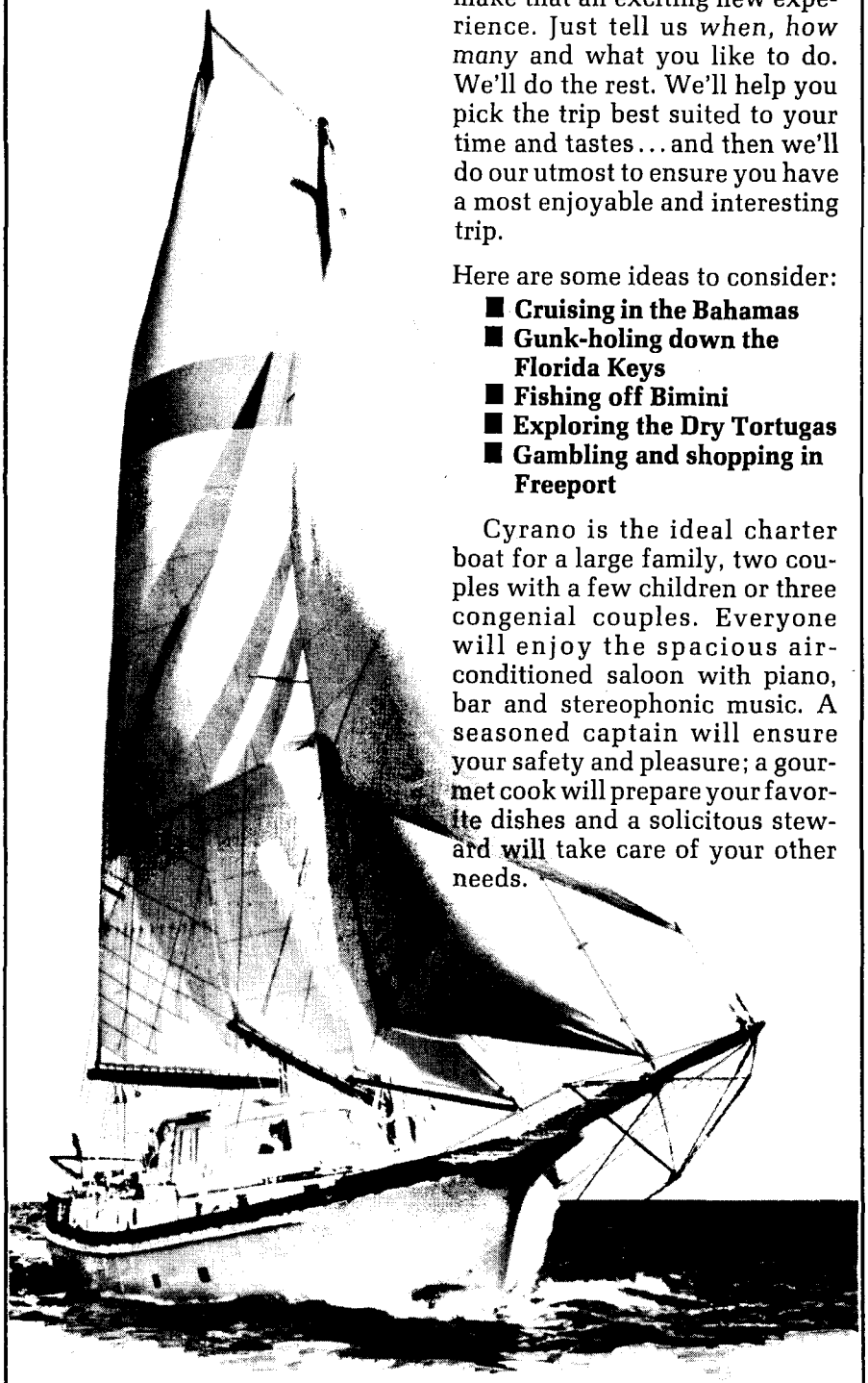

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The Problem with Keynes

I noted with interest your "Planned Unemployment" editorial [March 19]. The principal problem that fiscal conservatives have when discussing the economy is the use of Keynesian terms: in this case, unemployment. As fiscal conservatives, we can generally make our points better by using the terminology of classical economics. One of the major classical economic concepts is the percentage of the population employed. This concept makes possible a realistic appraisal of how the economy on the whole is providing job opportunities for the population and debunks the idea that private enterprise is unable to provide adequate job opportunities.

Generally, since 1937, the percentage of the population employed has moved steadily upward. It reached an apex of about 59 per cent, but as a result of current economic conditions (government-induced recession) it is now reduced to approximately 57.2 per cent.

Using classical economic terminology often does away with the ambiguity inherent in terminology such as "full employment," which by definition means an "unemployment rate" of 3 per cent. We should not continue to be goaded into using the terms belonging to the socialist models but should instead use terms that tend to put the free market in its proper light.

Chicago, Ill. RICHARD W. SUTER

Bismarck and Bismarckians

Your editorial "Kissinger's View of History" [April 2] raises some interesting questions. However, I think it an error to state that "the work of Bismarck" ended in world war, the implication being that Bismarck's system was primarily to blame. Bismarck's system worked to perfection as long as *he* was at the helm. It was the saber-rattling policies of Kaiser Wilhelm II that destroyed what the Iron Chancellor had created and that led to World War I. In this light, another question arises about the advisability of the sort of personal foreign policy carried out by Dr. Kissinger.

By the way, the notion that the Secretary of State is "always surrounded and harassed by Lilliputian politicians and bureaucrats and misunderstood by the fickle masses" does seem to be more than just a figment of Dr. Kissinger's imagination. Interestingly, in *The Education of Henry Adams*, one of the nation's great historians wrote of his friend John Hay: "The Secretary of State has always stood as much alone as the historian. Required to look far ahead and round him, he measures forces unknown to party managers, and has found Congress more or less hostile since Congress first sat. The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore; of obligations which Congress repudiates whenever it can; of bargains which Congress distrusts and tries →

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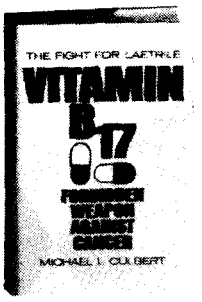

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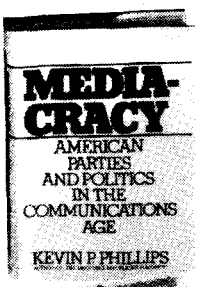

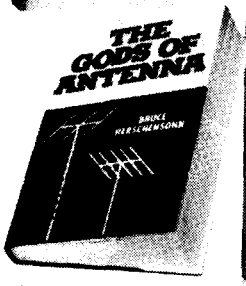

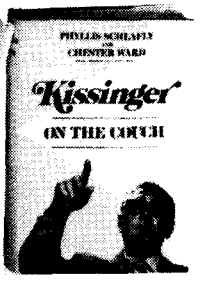

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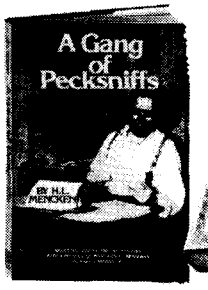

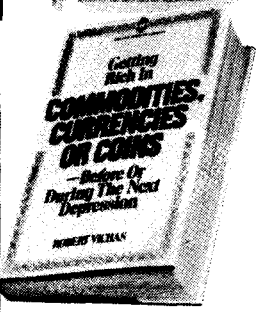

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to turn to its advantage or to reject. Since the first day the Senate existed, it has always intrigued against the Secretary of State whenever the Secretary has been obliged to extend his functions beyond the appointment of consuls in senators' service."

Things haven't changed much in the last 75 years.

Warrensburg, Mo. BRUCE REYNOLDS

Intourist's Potemkin Village

Nika Hazelton's article "Russian Food" [March 19] was a good report on Soviet tourist fare, but as she suggests herself in her first article on Russia [Feb. 20], tourists get a much more favorable impression of *la cuisine russe* than one would get from a few months of shopping in Soviet markets and eating in restaurants not in the Intourist guidebooks.

Carbohydrates compose the greatest portion of an average Soviet's diet. A typical breakfast is bread, rolls, perhaps some cheese or kefir, overly sweetened tea or coffee. Lunch always includes soup, more bread, usually fried potatoes, sausage. Dinner—bread, potatoes, an omelette or perhaps some meat.

As a student at Leningrad State University and, later, as a guide at a U.S. Information Agency exhibit, I have been in several Soviet cities (Kazan for one) where all summer the only vegetables to be had were cucumbers, green onions, cabbage, and tomatoes. The "steaks" to which Nika Hazelton refers exist only in big-city Intourist hotels. As for caviar, we had it for breakfast regularly in a Leningrad University cafeteria in 1969. By 1972, the foreign currency *beriozka* was the only place it could be found. Even in Leningrad, fresh vegetables were a rarity and oranges would often sell for a ruble apiece. My most memorable meal was in an airport restaurant in Kazakhstan, where all they could offer was black bread and champagne.

The best Russian food is to be found in the home, where Russian women can make a feast from pickles, sausage, and potatoes. Intourist meals are a Potemkin village made of gingerbread houses.

Washington, D.C. JILL DOUGHERTY

Freedom and Bribery

By a not so very strange coincidence (with a few exceptions which prove the rule), the nations with the highest degree of personal liberty are also the nations with the highest standards of personal business ethics ["The Week," April 2].

The United States, first among all nations in freedom and democracy, is the nation with the least bribery, corruption, pay-offs, etc. And in both of these categories it is closely followed by Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom—and just behind them, the Netherlands, Israel, Ireland, Switzerland, Japan, West Germany, Luxembourg, and the Scandinavian states.

So secure are they in their high standards of business ethics that the United States, the Netherlands, and Japan today feel free to investigate instances of commercial corruption.

It is in the countries without personal freedom that corruption is a way of life—particularly in the Arab world, on the Indian subcontinent, and in Anglophone West Africa, but also in almost all of Latin America, Asia, Africa, the lands behind the Iron Curtain, and, to a lesser extent, the nations of southern Europe. (Chile, Rhodesia, and South Africa must be listed among the exceptions.)

Thus it is that American businessmen have been forced to pay blackmail in order to do business in foreign lands. They have had to pay ransom to secure the interests of their American investors. They have been the victims of extortion. They are only guilty of bribery in the sense that they have been forced to supply bribes to one corrupt official after another—or see the loss of their stockholders' properties and investments abroad.

Camden, N.J. ALBERT P. BLAUSTEIN

Money

Your editorial "Unsocial Spending" [March 19] seems to add up apples and oranges, then divide by kumquats.

The inclusion of *education* in a definition of "social welfare" quite naturally helps to produce a "staggering total" of $286.5 billion. It should be evident that education expenditures are scarcely confined to the poor. Granted, the definition is the government's, not yours. However, it scarcely seems legitimate to take so overloaded a figure and divide it by the number of poor persons or households in the country.

Before the total spent on the poor can be divided by the number of poor, that total should be purged of items which do not pertain to the poor exclusively.

Brooklyn, N.Y. RICHARD RENÉ

Mr. Hal E. Seagraves ["Letters," March 5] may have overlooked investing his money in New Hampshire banks and New Hampshire bond issues; thereby relieving himself of the 4.25 per cent tax on dividends and interest earned *outside* of New Hampshire.

Hollis, N.H. ROBERT ZABARSKY

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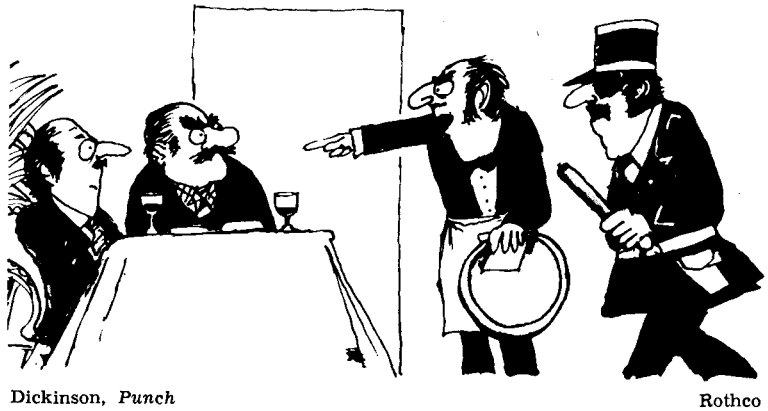
FOR THE RECORD

■ *Money can't do it all:* **Gerald Ford** outspent **Ronald Reagan** 4 to 1 in Wisconsin and came far short of the 2 to 1 victory over Reagan some of his more exuberant aides had been talking about. . . . On the Democratic side, **Morris Udall**—realizing it was High Noon—spent $400,000 in Wisconsin to **Jimmy Carter**'s $150,000, and lost to Carter by the same kind of squeaker that almost killed the Reagan campaign after New Hampshire. . . . With Udall down, if not totally out, **Hubert Humphrey** looks good. In the NBC poll of Democratic voters in Wisconsin, 40 per cent who voted for Udall said Humphrey would have been their first choice; 93 per cent didn't think Udall had a ghost of a chance of winning in November. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder**, taking a breather—there's a three-week break before the next primary—comments that "no system that gives pundits such frequent embarrassment can be all bad."



Dickinson, *Punch* — Rotheo

"That's the one—wants to pay in sterling."

■ Sen. **Henry Jackson** is indeed to the right of the Democratic field, but he's not all that far right, according to latest ACU ratings. Jackson gets a 23 per cent favorable vote; **Frank Church** is next with 18 per cent; Udall gets 4 per cent (in the House listing); and that old fox, the moderate Hubert Humphrey, is way down there with a minuscule 2 per cent—sinking even below **George McGovern**'s current 6 per cent. (Jimmy Carter and **Jerry Brown**, not being in Congress, do not figure.) . . . *Washington Post*'s hatchetwoman **Sally Quinn** came, saw, and was by and large charmed by Jimmy Carter. ("So alright, he's a terrible square. Tell him so and he bursts out laughing in delighted surprise. 'To a person like me,' he says, 'that's a compliment.' ") Carter's been both busy and successful recently in the Endorsement Game. He's got some pretty much all across the spectrum ideologically, and even historically. He's signed up **Joseph Lash** (the **Roosevelt** biographer), **Thomas Finletter** (Sec'y of the Air Force—**Truman**), **Ted Sorenson**, **Burke Marshall**, **Michael Forrestal** (**JFK**), **Cyrus Vance** (**LBJ**); he's won the endorsement of urban leaders **Pete Flaherty**, the popular conservative Democratic mayor of Pittsburgh, and **Coleman Young**, the powerful black mayor of Detroit, who will make his endorsement official before the May 18 Michigan primary.

■ Ford campaign staff is still worried over possible Reagan win in Texas. The courtship of **John Connally** continues but Ford advances to Sen. **Strom Thurmond** have fallen flat. Ford mastermind **Stuart Spencer** hoped he could get endorsement from Thurmond, which would help hold Southern GOP leaders, most of whom are conservative, in line behind the President. . . . Reagan camp was heartened by victory of Republican **Ron Paul** in a special congressional by-election in Texas last week; Paul campaign was so conservative that his opponent, **Bob Gammage**, charged he was "an extremist, to the right of Barry Goldwater." . . . *Pravda*, a little confused about the primaries, is unhappy when Henry Jackson, Ronald Reagan, or **George Meany** does well because, it says, they are "the three major enemies of detente in the United States."

■ Portuguese Communist leader **Alvaro Cunhal** is laying the groundwork for possible defeat in the April 25 elections. He says it is practically impossible for the Communists to campaign in many parts of the country—particularly the conservative Catholic North—and warns that the revolution cannot be stopped. . . . In Paris, **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**'s *Gulag III* is first on the bestseller list, having knocked out of that spot **Jean François Revel**'s anti-Communist *La Tentation Totalitaire*.

■ News on the Right: **J. Daniel Mahoney** of the New York Conservative Party is giving a seminar course at the New School this spring. Among his lecturers: **James** and **William Buckley**, former Gov. **Malcolm Wilson**. . . . **Frank** and **Elsie Meyer**'s "The Exchange"—an informal newsletter of information and views among conservative academicians—is being revived by the ISI (14 South Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010; **Bob Schadler**, Publications Director). . . . And there'll be a political economy seminar from July 25 to 31 again this year at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242. (Contact Dr. **John Sparks** for information.)

■ Banished from **Mme. Tussaud**'s wax museum, presumably for the crime of lèse-majesté, **Anthony Armstrong-Jones**, **Lord Snowdon**.

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THE WEEK

■ Club owners in San Francisco's North Beach area register a Beadle Bumblish complaint that, when advertising for topless dancers, they are forbidden by federal equal opportunity laws to specify female.

■ Twice in one week Nelson Rockefeller made good sense in public. The first time occurred at a joint congressional conference on full employment, where the Vice President took a swipe at the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, which calls not only for full employment through public works but also for planned production quotas and political control of the Federal Reserve. Congress should legislate no such constraints on the free enterprise system, said Rockefeller; instead, it should encourage that system, through such devices as a restructuring of the tax laws and incentives for plant modernization. Then, several days later, speaking in Paris, Rockefeller remarked that the U.S. State Department has every right to warn European governments of the consequences of their taking Communists into their governments, and denied that such warnings constitute interference in the affairs of foreign states.

■ Taxpayers are paying only $150,000 to send 25 congressmen to England to pick up the Magna Carta, on loan for the Bicentennial. Philadelphia District Attorney F. Emmett Fitzpatrick explains that the $164.80 expense voucher he submitted for "entertainment," covering the safari suit and shirt he bought in Montreal, was actually confused with another $164.80 he spent entertaining. The District of Columbia Board of Elections and Ethics (yup, Ethics) only overspent its budget by $262,000 in the last two years. It is not true that Jimmy Carter "is growing fat off federal peanut subsidies," as Earl Butz has charged—he's only received $2,728.85—although he has received federal campaign funds that aren't exactly peanuts. The city fathers of BigApolis have discovered that their anticipated deficit this year of $300 million is a teeny bit inoperative, the correct figure being more like $1.7 billion; but the city can still be saved with another federal bail-out. We could go on, but everything seems normal. So why are people down on politicians?

■ Although barely three years old, the Federal Energy Administration seems headed for a place in the bureaucratic hall of fame. A recent article in the *Wall Street Journal* says the agency's salary mean is $19,026, the highest of any federal agency. It has a staff of 112 publicists. Frank Zarb, the head of the FEA, likes to travel around the country spreading the message of energy conservation; 14 of the 36 trips he made last year were on chartered planes. Treasury Secretary William Simon, the first head of the FEA, calls it a "monster" and says, "I'd abolish the agency and close its doors tomorrow." Yet the agency has one important friend. President Gerald Ford, whose anti-Big Government rhetoric has kept step for step with Ronald Reagan's, plans to ask Congress to extend the life of this "temporary" agency three more years and to raise its budget from $142 million to $440 million.

■ Daniel Patrick Moynihan has left the United Nations, but the Moynihan spirit marcheth on—now in the person of Leonard Garment, the U.S. member of the Human Rights Commission. Garment has that same eccentric flair: speaking the blunt truth, and naming names. He has protested "selective morality," and the "anti-Western conspiracy"—the "systematic and immensely successful attack on Western values" led by the Soviet Union. He points his finger at Indira Gandhi and Yugoslavia, where the screws of oppression are being tightened, and Egypt and Pakistan, which he described sarcastically as "paragons of representative government." He charged that there is a master plan in the UN against the democracies, of which the campaign to erode the "legitimacy" of Israel is only a part. "Today Israel," Garment cries, "tomorrow the West."

■ On March 31 the United Nations Security Council adopted a resolution condemning South Africa for intervention and aggression against Angola and demanding that the South African government pay compensation for the damage it had done there. No mention was made in the resolution (or in any other) of any actions by Cuba or the Soviet Union in Angola. The vote in favor was 9 to 0. The United States, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan gave a stirring demonstration of their African policy. All five abstained.

■ Apparently it won't be long now. Following the collapse of talks with Rhodesia's Ian Smith, Joshua Nkomo, leader of the Rhodesian African National Council, dropped in on Zambia to confer with President Kenneth Kaunda. Kaunda has already advised Rhodesia's blacks to get things rolling by "blowing up bridges, putting sand in their petrol tanks, destroying roads and factories, poisoning cattle, and other tactics." Meanwhile, South

Rhodesia

When every border's guarded;
  When every exit's shut;
When Cubans sack the cities;
  When lots of throats are cut;
When every British *bwana*
  At long last knows his place,
We'll hail the native rulers,
  And never mention race.

W. H. von Dreele

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The result? *Less domestic oil would be available,* increasing our dependence on foreign oil. America could be weakened. You, the consumer, would be less certain of getting the oil—the automotive gasoline and home-heating fuel and other products you need—when you need it, *while paying more for what you get.*

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Ford backers worry aloud about the Texas primary on May 1, although Administration insiders believe that John Connally, recently appointed to the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, will swing the state for Ford with an endorsement just before primary day. A much more serious cause of concern, however, and one that isn't discussed openly, is the May 18 primary in Michigan. As a Ford partisan points out, it's a straight percentage primary, and cross-over voting is allowed, thus guaranteeing Reagan a good vote total and a significant share of delegates. George Wallace, who carried the state in 1972, has all but thrown in the towel there, and Michigan Wallaceites have announced that they will vote for Reagan. And Ford himself has surprisingly thin support in his home state. "He's traveled everywhere else for the past 25 years speaking for Republicans," says a Michigan Republican, "but not in Michigan." A defeat in Michigan, Ford backers believe, would have a stunning psychological impact, and should Ford go on to win nomination, would provide the Democrats with invaluable campaign fodder.

■ Ford campaign aides are furious that the President found it necessary in Wisconsin to attempt to defend Henry Kissinger against Ronald Reagan's televised charges, especially when Admiral Elmo R. Zumwalt states flatly that Kissinger did indeed say that his job is to negotiate the best Number 2 position in the world for the United States, thus leaving Ford in the awkward position of calling Ronald Reagan a liar for telling the truth. Added to the growing perception of Kissinger as architect of our decline, Helsinki, and the unflattering depiction of him in the newest Woodward and Bernstein effort, the "fabrications" flap may signal the end. "We will have a new Secretary of State in the next Ford Administration," said Melvin Laird shortly after the controversy erupted. "Henry knows that. He will bow out because he knows he should not serve beyond the present term." Laird, a close political associate of Ford, is famous in Washington for floating Administration trial balloons, and the message this time may be as much meant for Kissinger as for the general public. If he continues to be a campaign liability, the President is expected to order him to announce his resignation—voluntarily, of course—before the general election.

■ Best senatorial primary race of the year promises to be in Arizona, where Representative John Conlan, who is expected to announce soon, will take on Representative Sam Steiger for retiring Senator Paul Fannin's seat. Both Conlan and Steiger are conservatives. Steiger is best known for his work on the Interior Committee, Conlan for his efforts in such areas as science and education. Conlan, who won a surprise victory last month when the House adopted his amendment cutting off funds to the National Science Foundation for new textbook programs, is a dynamic speaker with broad-based support; the only member of the Arizona delegation to increase his 1974 winning margin over 1972. As a Harvard Law graduate, a student of international affairs, and a former Fulbright scholar, Conlan is given the edge among young Arizonans and educated voters of all ages. Steiger, who will stress his eight years of experience in Washington, is believed to have the tacit support of the Arizona Establishment, although both Barry Goldwater and John Rhodes promise to remain neutral. The campaign will surely be enlivened by a long-standing feud between Conlan and Steiger and by Steiger's often flamboyant behavior. In 1972, at the Westward Ho hotel in Phoenix, Steiger attempted to kick down a door behind which Conlan was holding a press conference. And recently Steiger made headlines by shooting a couple of a neighbor's burros between the eyes.

■ William Simon's name is heard with increasing frequency as Ford's top vice presidential choice. And among the Democrats the names most frequently heard are Senators Adlai Stevenson III and John Glenn. Glenn, who will keynote the Democratic Convention, is first choice of many Carter supporters.

■ The 95th Congress will definitely have a new look. Thus far eight senators and 21 representatives have announced their retirement. Three representatives have resigned, two are running for governor, and 19 have announced for Senate seats. No one is predicting with any certainty how incumbents will do in November. But Republican Congressional Campaign Committee officials are increasingly disturbed by the drawn-out Ford-Reagan confrontation and its potential effects on the general election. Over on the Democratic side, the betting is that about half of the 77 freshman House members will be gone by next year.

—CATO

Africa is beefing up its borders by increasing its military budget by 40 per cent.

■ Signs multiply in Europe as well as in this country that detente has run into cloudy weather. West Germany, home of Ostpolitik, is by far the Soviet Union's top trading partner, with a $4-billion total last year. But even West Germany's Ostpolitik is feeling the chill. It was announced at the end of March that the biggest Soviet-West German economic project—a $600-million nuclear power plant to be built by West Germany at Kaliningrad—is being dropped after three years of planning and development. The reason is, as usual, political and strategic. Power lines were, as Bonn understood it, to run from the plant to West Berlin and then the further 110 miles to West Germany proper, so that they would be serving the West German as well as the west Soviet grid. But as time went on, it became clear that Moscow would not agree to an arrangement that would a) help West Berlin economically, and b) symbolize the integral link that Moscow denies between West Berlin and West Germany. So, though the Soviet Union was the originator of the project and needs its share of what was to be the power output, and though West Germany would like the construction business as well as its share of the power, it is now thumbs down. All, it goes without saying, in the Spirit of Helsinki.

■ You can tell how far you're down by who's kicking you. The United States has spent the last two decades assiduously cultivating Yugoslavia's rift with the Soviet Union. But in recent weeks, Yugoslavia has gone out of its way to: endorse Cambodia's new charges about an American bombing; side with the Algerians in the dis-

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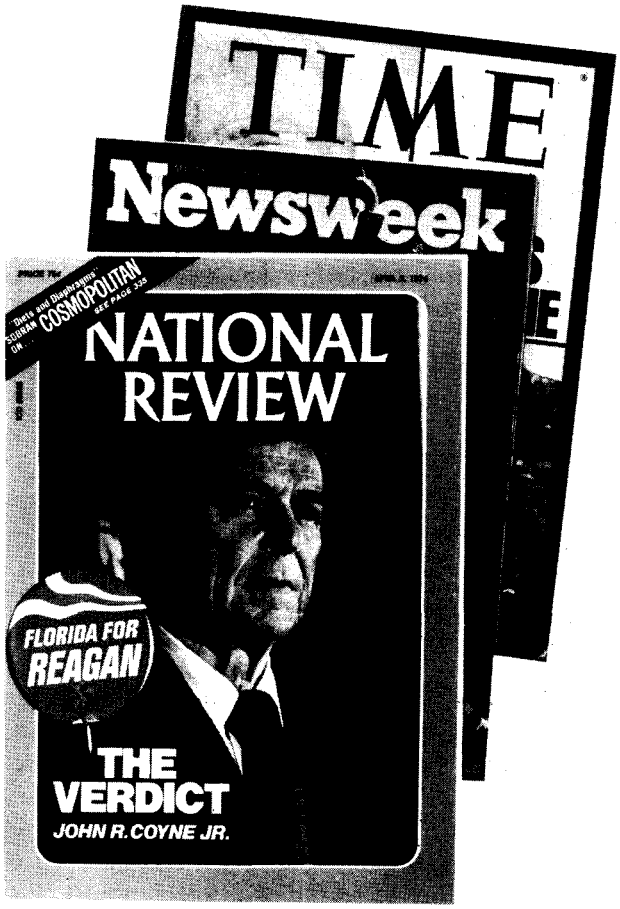
You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **On the Campaign Trail With Jimmy Carter**
- **The Madness of the West:** How *not* to confront growing Soviet power.
- **The Severed Stem of American Catholicism:** How the new liturgy has driven them out of the church in droves.
- **John Kenneth Galbraith's View of America**
- **How to Destroy a Suburb:** Breaking up a middle-class Jewish neighborhood.
- **Defense of the Multinationals:** How *do* you do business with the Third World?
- **Explaining Things to Ike:** A conversation between Eisenhower and Goldwater.



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason —*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times – but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to ten big issues (20 weeks) of *National Review* at the special low rate (for new subscribers only) of just $6.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

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pute over the Western Sahara (the U.S. is backing Morocco); support, through the government-controlled press, North Korea, Vietnam, and the Palestine Liberation Organization. Just before leaving to visit Panama (which is badgering the U.S. about the Canal) and Mexico (which has lined up with the Third World bloc in the UN), Tito entertained Fidel Castro in Belgrade and toasted him in these terms: "Even Latin America is not safe from the most terrible use of terror and force by foreign and domestic reaction. An example of such imperialist and neo-colonialist interference is Angola. It is the duty of all progressive forces to help Angola—where Cuba contributed richly—to realize the legitimate aspirations of its people."

■ The *Times* recently reprinted part of an interview between H. G. Wells and Josef Stalin, recorded July 23, 1934. It is not particularly quotable, yet it is fascinating as the confrontation of a certain kind of Western mentality—soft-focus, benevolent, almost desperate for conciliation—with the mind, not of the mad tyrant we are told Stalin was, but of a dedicated Communist—alert and intelligent. Wells pleads that the cause is "mankind, not any one class." Stalin: "You, Mr. Wells, start from the principle that all men are good. I never forget that there are many evil men. I do not believe in the goodness of the bourgeoisie." In that compact retort, Stalin shrewdly sizes up his interlocutor as a sentimentalist, and contradicts him with urbane concision. Wells proceeds to ask whether in fact the masses ever do rise up: Is not all revolution really "the work of a minority"? Again Stalin is ready for him: "To carry out the revolution there must indeed be a revolutionary minority. But the most talented, committed, and energetic minority will be powerless unless it receives the support, at least the passive support, of millions of people." It would be comforting to think of Stalin as a raving madman at the time the Gulag camps were getting into full swing. But it would be wrong. He was crazy like a Brezhnev.

■ The former Communist has become a familiar figure in the West. At one point or another he leaves the Party, rejoins ordinary political society, and often rises to a prominent position within it. A man like André Malraux can fight beside Communists, and in important literary works make heroes of them, and later become an important official in the government of his country. Problems do not seem to exist regarding absolution for former Communists. In 1933, Wolfgang Wick joined the Nazi Party. In 1945, he was called into the army and served in the Waffen SS, an elite unit. He now says he had no choice but to serve. Nazi-hunter Simon Rosenthal says that "we have no evidence he committed crimes." Thirty-one years after the end of the war, Mr. Wick, now a successful Austrian industrialist, was nominated for the presidency of Rotary International. No evidence of Nazi or fascist activities on his part since 1945 has been produced. He has been forced to withdraw his nomination amid a storm of protest. Conclusion: Select your totalitarian affiliation with great care.

■ In the middle of February, while Soviet-supplied Cuban troops were marching through Angola, the U.S. Senate was pondering the foreign military aid bill. Senator Barry Goldwater offered an amendment to halt U.S.-USSR trade until Russia ceases its military involvement in Africa. The amendment never got anywhere, but it did produce something worthwhile. It enabled Senator Hubert Humphrey to demonstrate once more that he is a statesman of firm principles impervious to actual events. Speaking against the measure, he told the Senate: "When we can get a country like the Soviet Union . . . relying on the United States as a source of food over a long term—I say that is a constructive development for us . . . and it is a restraint on Soviet military capability."

■ Uh oh: the Seattle Fire Department computer reports that the department's aid-car personnel delivered six babies last year, five of them to women.

■ The Consumer Product Safety Commission, having successfully regulated swimming pool slides after only three years of operation with 800 employees, is now basking in its second success: prohibiting a defect in aluminum baseball bats that was cured years ago.

■ Welcome to the new $6.4 billion socialized railroad system that Congress has created out of seven lines it has bankrupted. The new Consolidated Railway Association (Conrail) began operations, appropriately, on April 1st.

■ It was a week of riveting headlines. From London: SPECTRE OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP HAUNTING THE GROUSE MOORS. From Los Angeles: INCOME TAX 1040 IS TERMED AMBIGUOUS. From San Juan: MENTAL PATIENT HELD IN SLAYING OF PUERTO RICAN SOCIALIST'S SON. Now back to the primaries.

Wisconsin Semifinals

Wisconsin turned out to be a key primary in the Democratic elimination contest, strategically more important than New York. Winning his sixth primary in Wisconsin, Jimmy Carter finished off the presidential candidacy of Mo Udall. The corpse of the Udall candidacy may continue to twitch for a while, but life has departed. If Udall could not win in Wisconsin then he cannot win at all.

On the surface, that appears to point to a showdown in Pennsylvania on April 27 between Carter and Jackson, but appearances here are deceiving.

Morris Udall was the candidate of a particular and

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sharply defined constituency: the New Class of academics, social planners, welfare bureaucrats, social psychologists, professionals, progressive lawyers, and media people that has become a formidable, though minority, grouping during the past couple of decades. Public expenditure in this sector runs into tens of billions of dollars and involves millions of people. This constituency has vast interests to protect, and Udall has proved incapable of protecting them.

As the weakness of the Udall candidacy became manifest, however, Hubert Humphrey began to position himself to inherit that constituency. Humphrey conspicuously defended "Washington," in this context a code word for the sprawling social welfare bureaucracy. He branded as "racist" those who attacked Washington—meaning, in this context, Carter. Humphrey was signaling the New Class constituency that its huge stakes would be well looked after by HHH.

The demise of Udall must give Humphrey an opportunity novel in his career. For the first time he has privileged access to this New Class constituency, which now has no place else to go. Humphrey can now hope to add it to his normal sources of strength among regulars and union members and thus fashion a much more powerful coalition than anything available to Henry Jackson.

As far as Jackson is concerned in New York—his key state—much of his support was soft, and all too plainly waiting for Hubert.

The real Democratic fight therefore will tilt Humphrey against Carter. Much "uncommitted" and "favorite son" support will actually be Humphrey strength in disguise. Ditto for Jackson delegates.

As the Convention approaches, however, look for Carter to make a potent attack on Humphrey's strategy of ducking the primaries. Carter will charge that Humphrey feared to face the voters and pinned his hopes on the bosses and brokers in the back rooms, and has always been a loser anyway. Despite Carter's smile and rhetoric about love, things seem likely to get very rough.

Carrier Admirals

Venetians bet the galley
  Would always conquer sail;
When steam soiled the horizon,
  Some said it's sure to fail.
And when the battlewagons
  Belched forth in World War II,
The brass said not to worry
  If bombs fell through the flue.
With missiles getting smarter,
  I wonder if it's wise
To build those floating hangars
  In monumental size?

W. H. von Dreele

On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan—with about 45 per cent of the vote in Wisconsin, where he did not campaign—continued to expose President Ford's vulnerability. As North Carolina indicated earlier, the voters are at least very uneasy about the fruits of detente. Campaign Manager Rogers Morton's remarks in California about the highly finite tenure of Secretary Kissinger suggest that Kissinger may be the next body to be flung from the Ford sleigh, and also constitute a sure sign of nervousness in the Ford camp. Those Soviet combat pilots reported to be in Cuba are not going to help Ford one bit. On the Republican side, then, the next test of strength will come in Texas. There, too, things may get rough.

Finlandization from Within

". . . It is not just the prestige and the billions of dollars of the past decade that must be salvaged, nor the honor of 16,500 American soldiers now committed to Vietnam that must be redeemed there. Really at stake is the ability of the West, and particularly of the United States, to withstand the third major form of aggression attempted by Communist nations since World War II."

Thus the *New York Times*, 1963. These words are cited by Norman Podhoretz in the April *Commentary*, in a thoughtful essay entitled "Making the World Safe for Communism." Podhoretz observes that liberal Administrations have supplied the really potent opposition to the spread of Communism over the last three decades, whereas nominally conservative ones, despite their bellicose rhetoric, have made it their business to disengage the U.S. from the global struggle, whether in Hungary or in Indochina. At the risk of oversimplifying his point, one might say that present American isolationism is bipartisan. Furthermore, that stance has coughed up a morbid rationalization for our national weakness:

"What we see in this newly tolerant, and even benevolent, attitude toward Communism is the slow erosion of our own sense of political value in response to the Communist challenge—an accommodation in the sphere of ideas to match the accommodation we have been making in the sphere of power. Our own political culture has always held up liberty as the highest political value, while the political culture of Communism has always scoffed at and denigrated liberty as a bourgeois delusion. Therefore our unwillingness or inability to condemn their crimes against political liberty—which they of course do not regard as crimes at all—can fairly be described as a symptom of the surrender of our political culture to theirs. . . .

". . . And . . . rarely does one hear it said, either in America or in the other Western democracies, that liberty is a blessing in itself, quite apart from the many blessings which have flowed from it wherever it has been given a chance.

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"A European intellectual recently characterized this kind of spiritual surrender as 'Finlandization from within.'"

Samuel Johnson remarked that mankind more frequently needs to be reminded than informed, and Podhoretz' words come at a moment of frightful moral amnesia in the West. In barely a decade, "liberty" has slipped from its status as what Richard Weaver called an "uncontested term" to a highly questionable one that hardly figures in our geopolitical reckonings. To affirm its value now is to invite the charge of being a "cold warrior," and to raise perspiration in the editorial offices of most of our respectable publications. As witness the *Times*'s recent comment on the Cuban military presence in Africa (the very idea of which is still a startling—and humiliating—novelty):

"They may be there for no good purpose; but they have as much right to be there as do the United States military assistance missions scattered over much of the globe."

The Watergate Aesthetic

Concerning Richard Nixon, one fact is beyond dispute: he is one of those rare public figures capable of inspiring transcendent hatred, hatred beyond the measure of his accomplishments and malefactions, hatred morbid, perduring, and obsessive, fastening on his private character rather than his public acts, and satisfied with nothing short of personal annihilation.

With the publication of the new Woodward-Bernstein volume and the simultaneous release of the film based on their first book, it becomes clear that Nixon-hatred has got itself respectably institutionalized. In spite of the carefully factual tone of book and film, they draw their energy from a deep desire for *more*: more intimate and preferably disgraceful details, more and more ceremonial re-enactments of that glorious moment of New Class triumph over the Nixon menace, which is commonly linked (and sometimes explicitly identified) with subversion of the Constitution, McCarthyism, Hitlerism, and other sinister illiberalisms. So well understood is the symbol-cluster that it is unnecessary to amplify or even to spell out the evil of Nixon. The starkly objective surface vibrates with its tacit currents of meaning. The gloating is tactfully, even solemnly subdued. Nobody this side of I. F. Stone would be so coarse as to suggest, for example, that Resignation Day be made a national holiday. It is enough that Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman are chosen to impersonate the Woodstein nemesis: say no more!

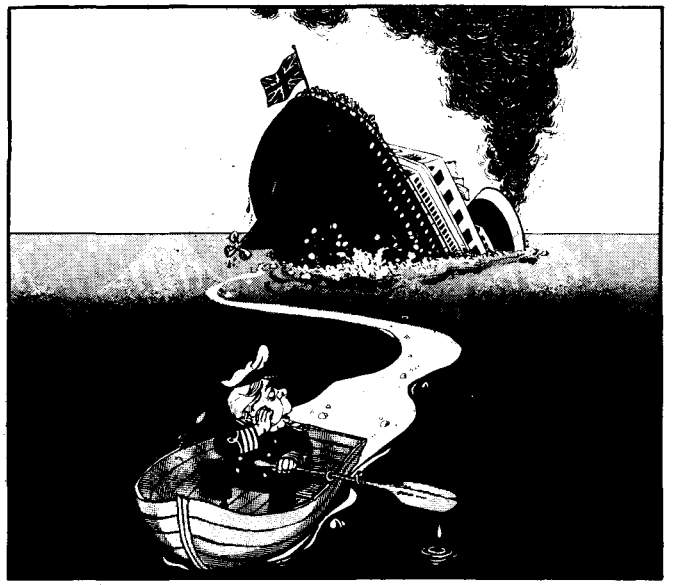
In one limited sense, Nixon brought even the excesses of his enemies on himself. A stranger to dignified reticence throughout his career in politics, he made it a point to exploit his own private relations and emotions for his profit: Pat's Republican cloth coat, Checkers, his love of football, his lonely moments making hard decisions—all these were cloyingly familiar, and the man who puts his heart on his sleeve invites ridicule, never more so than when it transpires he has lied to the public he professed to take into his confidence.

It is therefore understandable that his enemies should adopt his own standards of indecent display. But it is no more edifying to watch them at it than him, and nothing Nixon ever did surpasses the sanctimony with which those who hate him congratulate their own self-indulgence as a service to the Republic.

If Mr. Carter Goes to Washington

Jimmy Carter's attacks on Washington as the home of all that is "bloated," "wasteful," and "unmanageable" have scored well with the public and caused Washington's liberal Establishment to shudder uncontrollably as he piles up the delegates. Wondering whether Jimmy Carter the campaigner is an accurate preview of Carter the President, *Wall Street Journal* reporter James P. Gannon examined Carter's record and found that the Washington Establishment has nothing to fear. There would be some reorganization, says Gannon, but "the bureaucracy would be working overtime to carry out Mr. Carter's big ideas: a sweeping, soak-the-rich tax overhaul; a new national welfare system; a comprehensive health care program; an enlarged federal education plan; a gun registration plan; and a jobs-for-youth program."

Carter, a brilliant politician, has perceived the electorate's anti-Washington mood and has built his campaign around it, carefully camouflaging his own deep faith in the Federal Government. But when asked, Carter admits he isn't planning any reduction in overall spending: "A reduction in the bureaucracy doesn't neces-



Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Oh, by the way—abandon ship!"

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sarily mean a total reduction in personnel." Instead, Carter would implement "a shifting of personnel" in hopes of greater efficiency. During his four years as governor of Georgia, Carter consolidated three hundred boards and bureaus into 22 new agencies—and increased state employment 20 per cent. The state budget increased 61 per cent during his reign.

Carter has let it be known that upon his inauguration he plans to concentrate his attention on unemployment and would "take my chances with inflation, if I have to." Liberals should find nothing disagreeable with this or his tax policy. He favors "truly progressive tax rates" with a minimum of tax incentives or loopholes. Nor should liberals have any serious quarrel with the Carter foreign policy. While the ex-Navy man would build a few more ships, he would also gradually withdraw all U.S. troops from South Korea and other Asian bases. He would not have intervened in Angola and would not send U.S. troops to defend Israel. He opposes U.S. involvement in any foreign war "unless our nation is endangered." McGovernism with a drawl.

Abandon Ship!

When the ship begins to sink, join the rats. So goes the prime maxim of the Sancho Panza school of political wisdom. Judging by the scurrying forms, the ship in question appears to be orthodox liberalism. According to Representative John Conlan (R., Ariz.), "Many liberal congressmen are running so scared that they have pleaded with the liberal Americans for Democratic Action not to release conservative-liberal vote ratings for 1975." Representative Morris Udall, after striving mightily for over a year to emerge as The Liberal Candidate for the Democratic nomination, has now dropped the word as if it were some sort of adder. He's a "progressive" now, thank you very much, the terminology of the 1912 campaign suiting him just fine.

Edmund Muskie, whose standing as a veritable bishop in the hierarchy of the church of liberalism has never been doubted, has a new sermon that asks his congregation: "Why can't liberals talk about fiscal responsibility without feeling uncomfortable?"

Columnist Kevin Phillips reports that in the Carolinas "Democratic congressmen are treating accusations of practicing liberalism like accusations of practicing sexual aberrations. One South Carolina Democrat, labeled the most liberal in his state delegation, promptly countered by trying to argue that he had been identified as the tenth most conservative of the Democratic freshmen elected in 1974! And the House member from Winston Salem, North Carolina, wrote his local newspaper in outrage after being labeled a liberal."

Noticing the number of purist liberals now backing Jimmy Carter, Evans and Novak buttonholed a "nationally prominent" liberal Carter supporter and asked him "how he could reconcile support for Carter with Carter's ambivalence on the Humphrey-Hawkins 'full employment' jobs bill and Senator Edward Kennedy's medical health insurance bill. His answer: 'I've got doubts about those things myself.' "

It was sa-ad when the gre-ytt ship went down—splash, splash.

Gathering Momentum

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, in a comment on Solzhenitsyn's recent BBC interview, stated that Solzhenitsyn's warning has come at a time when the West —at least its Anglo-Saxon corner—is willing to take heed. Whether or not Mr. Muggeridge's optimism is well-founded, it does begin to appear that the perils of detente for the West are becoming more widely perceived by at least some Western observers.

Consider, for example, a dispatch from Moscow by Christopher Wren recently printed in the *New York Times*. Mr. Wren reminds us that the Kremlin, although it throws the blame upon the forces of historical determinism, is solely responsible for the obstacles that keep getting thrown in the way of a genuine (two-way) detente; and that although the Soviet Union has so far avoided head-on collisions with the United States in such places as Portugal and the Middle East, nevertheless, "where the Russians feel the Americans have either abdicated their interests or had none to begin with, they have moved to fill the vacuum whether it be Vietnam and Laos in Asia or Angola and Somalia in Africa." *Pravda*, Wren observes, "has equated relaxed tensions with various socialist-bloc successes," and has suggested that all sorts of nice things have happened for the cause of world socialism since detente began: the fall of Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos to the Communists, to name but the most obvious.

These successes, Wren believes, are creating a powerful momentum: "Moscow's success in Angola may actually have locked it into further such commitments. Soviet support of liberation movements was praised so highly by the Third World delegates at the Soviet party congress that the Russians could find it hard to sidestep requests to equip further guerrilla wars."

Death Penalty

In response to the 1972 Supreme Court ruling on capital punishment, which struck down existing laws as leading to cruel and unusual punishment because of the random way in which they were applied, 35 states enacted new legislation designed to meet the constitutional criteria inferable from the Court's 1972 language. By one estimate, 527 individuals are now on Death Row after conviction under these new laws, the constitutionality of which is now under challenge.

In arguing the case for the death penalty before the

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Court, Mr. Robert Bork, the Solicitor General, stressed two principal arguments: a) that capital punishment is a necessary deterrent, and b) that important questions of social policy should be settled according to the deliberate sense of the people as reflected in their legislatures. "Ultimately," argued Bork, "these are cases about democratic government."

The familiar argument from deterrence may well be valid; indeed, it has recently received impressive statistical support from the work of Chicago economist Isaac Ehrlich. To be entirely satisfactory, however, it must be complemented by a more central argument from the principle of justice. Deterring *other* crimes, a laudable enough social goal, remains entirely utilitarian and, moreover, has nothing to do with *this* crime, which has already been committed.

The point should be stressed that if the nexus between crime and punishment is severed by an exclusive reliance upon the utilitarian argument from deterrence, then no principled impediment exists to some far-reaching modes of deterrence indeed. Thus, certain categories of individuals are statistically more likely to commit crimes of violence than others. By eliminating such people entirely you could deter much crime. What stands in the way of such far-reaching social engineering is the idea of justice: it would be unjust to afflict the innocent merely on the grounds of utilitarian principle.

The idea of punishment-as-just-desert has been widely denigrated as barbaric, atavistic, mere "revenge." In fact, the idea of punishment-as-deterrent, standing alone, strips the individual of his right to justice and turns him into an object, a mere social lever with which to influence the behavior of others. Far from being "barbaric," therefore, the older idea of justice-as-desert is profoundly connected with the idea of civilization. Perhaps it should not be surprising, then, that justice-as-desert has become anathema to the "modern" mind.

The central question as regards capital punishment thus becomes one of whether murder, or murder under some circumstances, *deserves* execution. Prolonged meditation on the current bestseller *Helter-Skelter*, prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi's account of the Manson murders, should go far toward answering that question.

Privacy and Gay Rights

Probably too much is being read into the Supreme Court's March 29 "summary affirmation" of a lower federal court's 2 to 1 decision upholding the constitutionality of a Virginia law forbidding certain homosexual practices between consenting adults in private. The American Civil Liberties Union, which had joined in the appeal, as well as the National Gay Task Force, immediately denounced it as retrogressive and reactionary—a retreat from the extension of "the right to privacy" that the Court has favored in a number of decisions during the past decade.

April 2nd at Vassar

Mark the date and tell your Mom:
Vassar held a Senior Prom!
Guys in tails and gals in gowns
Called a halt to hand-me-downs.
Cocktails triumphed over grass;
Big-band music added class.
Was it just a passing phase?
Are we back to happy days?
I'll believe it when they try
Foxtrots at CCNY.

W. H. von Dreele

NR has, on the whole, supported this strengthening of the right to privacy, and in particular the conclusion drawn from it that private acts of consenting adults should be decriminalized. We have done so partly on the basis of libertarian principle, but also on practical grounds: enforcement of laws against private consensual acts is either impossible or a wasteful diversion of police and juridical effort from matters of greater public moment. It does not follow, however, that all private consensual acts are morally acceptable or neutral, nor that the courts or legislature should declare them so. When they are offensive to others, moreover, it is proper that the law should take care that they are not flaunted before those whom they offend—that they are held to the privacy that immunizes them legally.

The case that came before the Supreme Court was not in fact a police invasion of the right to privacy, nor a prosecution under the Virginia law in question. No one had been accused or arrested. It was one of those test cases, brought deliberately, under fictitious names, by two homosexuals in an attempt to get the courts to invalidate the statute. That is to say, the suit was not a protest against any actual persecution, real or alleged, but, largely, a publicity stunt to advance the ideological cause of homosexual militants and extreme civil libertarians. The lower court blocked this ploy. The Supreme Court declined to intervene, thus leaving the general question of "the right to privacy" open, and in no way prejudging what action the Justices might take when they had before them defendants whose privacy had in fact been violated.

Karen Quinlan

In a unanimous ruling, the New Jersey Supreme Court ruled that the life support system "may be withdrawn" from Karen Anne Quinlan "without civil or criminal liability" because "there is no reasonable possibility of Karen's ever emerging from her present comatose condition." The state of New Jersey may appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court.

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The issues here are many and complex and they touch upon values central to our civilization. No doubt, with the continued improvement of medical technology, we will face such complex issues with growing frequency.

By any criterion available to earlier generations, Karen has long been dead. On the other hand, by using sophisticated instruments, we can determine that she has not undergone "brain death." A few years ago, or today in another geographical area, the technology would not have been available to keep her "alive." But what is "death"? The answers to such questions grow increasingly elusive. Suppose the technology becomes available to keep a person in Karen's condition "alive" forever? It is conceivable that with the development of advanced transplant techniques the very idea of individual identity will begin to dissolve. The possibilities, certainly, are mindboggling.

Many, including the Vatican—at least as we interpret recent statements on the subject from Rome—hold that no ethical imperative demands that we use "extraordinary" measures in order to prolong a patient's existence when there is no apparent hope of recovery. The New Jersey Supreme Court rendered its decision in the light of such a defensible norm.

Still, mysteries do exist here, and, at a minimum, it would be useful to insist upon semantic precision by way of acknowledging those areas of mystery. The term "vegetative state" and others like it assert more than can be known—as Dr. Malachi Martin insisted, writing on the case several months ago in these pages—and they do so in order to avoid the ethical questions. Karen is not a vegetable. Though she has deteriorated physically, there is no way of *knowing* what perceptions or thoughts she has, if any. The prospects for recovery appear nonexistent, but we cannot *know* that some surprising event will not take place. The cant phrase "death with dignity" is another emotive term designed to foreclose the issue. Few deaths are very dignified in the ordinary sense of that word. By ruling that it would not *require* that Karen Quinlan be kept on the life support system, however, the New Jersey Supreme Court made a reasonable ruling amid the sharp dilemmas.

Mario Lazo, R I P

Mario Lazo was the quintessential lawyer-aristocrat. Professionally, a finished technician of the law; socially, omni-concerned—for his friends, and for his country. He had two countries, Cuba and the United States, a citizen of which he became in 1972. His father was the Guatemalan ambassador to Cuba, his mother a native Cuban. But Mario Lazo went to law school at Cornell University, spent his summers in Connecticut, and sent his children to American schools. He clung to his Cuban citizenship even after Fidel Castro came to power and, in due course, issued a summons for the arrest of Mario Lazo, head of the most prominent law firm in Havana. One of Lazo's many friends got to him ahead of the summons, with the information that it was Castro's intention to lead Lazo out to the nearest *paredón* and shoot him.

A pity for Castro that he did not succeed, because Lazo worked ceaselessly until his death at 81 last week to help the victims of Castro's terrorism. He was always given to philanthropic activity for fellow-Cubans in particular distress. Now he knew that all of Cuba was in distress, and accordingly wrote a devastating account of life under Fidel Castro: *Dagger in the Heart: American Policy Failures in Cuba*, published several years ago and even now an unanswerable commentary on Castro's tyranny, and American ineptitude. Dr. Lazo (as they called him) was a man of vigor and warmth; in appearance, not unlike Benjamin Spock; a gentleman of manners, courtliness, and kindness. His widow and three children have special reason to cherish his memory, and we must not doubt that one day, a little park or avenue in Havana will, gratefully, bear his name.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo: to WFB
From: Joe Sobran

The other day I went back to the bookstore where, some months ago, I found Richard Rovere's scandalously annotated copy of Burnham's *Suicide of the West*. This time I found Rovere's old copy of Sidney Hook's *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No*. I flipped through it, my heart pounding; but alas, no kinky marginalia, no scoop for us. The reason is probably that the book dates from the heyday of Senator Joe McCarthy, when it was dangerous even to read books, and positively foolhardy to mark them.

■ From the *Congressional Record*, H 9700 et seq.

PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY CONCERNING ALLEGED VIOLATIONS OF THE RULES OF THE HOUSE AND THE RULES OF COMITY

(Mr. Cleveland asked and was given permission to address the House for one minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Speaker, I have asked for this time for the purpose of addressing the Chair so that I may make an inquiry, which will be in the nature of a parliamentary inquiry, of the Chair, in regard to the following matter:

On last April 17, at page H2884 of the *Record*, I was commenting on the manner in which the Senate

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was handling aspects of the New Hampshire Senate election, remarks that were critical of the Senate, and the Speaker at that time called me to order, and, quoting from the Speaker's remarks, the Speaker asked me to desist and stated that my remarks were in violation of the rules of the House and the rules of comity.

For this reason, Mr. Speaker, I wish to bring this to the attention of the Chair: I noticed on October 1 that at pages H9424-H9425 of the *Record* the gentleman from New York [Mr. Koch] addressed the House under the one-minute rule and had been extremely critical of the junior Senator from New York [Mr. Buckley].

Mr. Speaker, I would like to inquire if the remarks of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Koch], like those of mine earlier in the year, are in violation of the rules of the House and the rules of comity.

The Speaker. Does the gentleman from New York [Mr. Koch] desire to be heard?

Mr. Koch. I do, Mr. Speaker.

First, I will not object at this time to the use by the gentleman in the well of the name of a Member of the other House.

Instead, Mr. Speaker, I would like to say this.

Mr. Cleveland. Just a second. I not only used the name of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Koch], but I told him I was going to be here today and for what purpose.

Mr. Koch. No, no. The gentleman from New Hampshire [Mr. Cleveland] misunderstood me. My reference was to the other Chamber. The gentleman referred to a Member of the other Chamber by name, something we may not do.

Mr. Cleveland. No: I thought I just said "the junior Senator."

Mr. Koch. I believe the gentleman from New Hampshire mentioned his name. I thought I heard it distinctly.

In any event, Mr. Speaker, I examined the precedents of the House, and I know the gentleman is familiar with *Jefferson's Manual*, a book that I revere, and, indeed, there are only two others that I have a higher regard for. One is the Bible, and the other is *Cannon's Precedents.*

In *Cannon's Precedents*, Mr. Speaker, there is a statement that it is not in order in debate to criticize Members of the other body, but such rules do not apply to criticisms of statements made by Members of the other body outside the Chamber.

In my remarks to which the gentleman from New Hampshire [Mr. Cleveland] refers, I did discuss the remarks of a Member of the other body, the younger brother of a noted columnist.

Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Speaker, I might say that that is being pretty critical right there.

Mr. Koch. That he is the younger brother of a noted columnist?

In any event, as a result of those remarks, this noted columnist, for whom I have high regard and personal affection—I know him quite well and, thank God, he is not a Member of the other body, so I can even mention his name, Bill Buckley—he took exception to my remarks in his column.

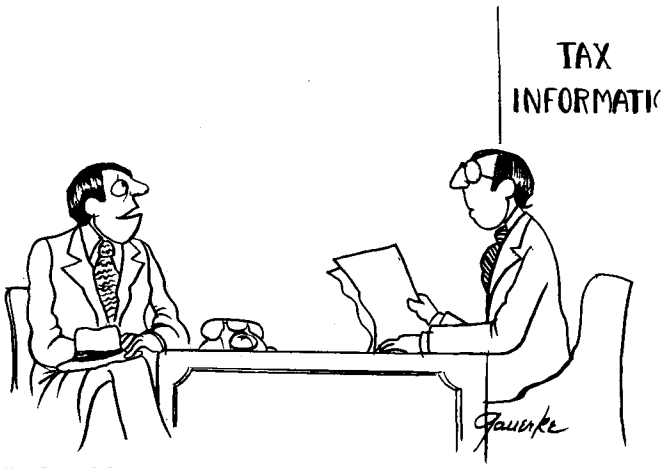
In examining the precedents, I have come to the conclusion that I ought not to have mentioned the exact name of that Member of the other body. Therefore, with the Chair's permission, I would consent to a withdrawal of that unutterable name and have substituted in each and every case where that name was mentioned a reference to the fact that I was referring to the younger brother of a noted columnist.

The Speaker. The Chair is ready to rule.

The Chair has, accordingly, checked the precedents. The precedents of the House indicate that it is not in order for a Member of this body to refer to the actions or remarks of a Member of the other body occurring either within the other body or elsewhere—Speaker Rayburn, May 5, 1941. The motives of the Member making the remarks are not relevant to a determination of whether they are or are not in order, as even complimentary remarks have been held to violate the rule of comity between the two Houses—Volume VIII, 2509.

The rule of comity has clearly been violated and, without objection, the remarks of the gentleman from New York will be stricken from the *Record.*

There was no objection.



"When Herbert Hoover donated his entire salary to the government back in 1933, he probably never dreamed we'd all be doing it someday."

Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Point of order. This is the noted columnist speaking. He wishes to advise the gentleman from New York that the columnist is the younger, not the older brother of the junior Senator from New York, and that that should be well known to the gentleman from New Hampshire who, at Law School, was the roommate of the future junior Senator from New York at a time when the future junior Senator's younger brother was a classmate of the gentleman from New Hampshire's younger brother, indeed the two younger brothers and the future Senator co-owned an airplane. Let's have comity, *and* accuracy, and full disclosure!

—WFB

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The International Party?

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

WHAT MIGHT be called "the French turn" in Communist tactics got into high gear with publication of the Marchais-Berlinguer declaration last November (cf. this column, Jan. 23, Feb. 20, Mar. 5). It presents two basic questions which, though usually lumped together, are pragmatically and logically distinct: 1) Have the French and Italian Communist parties (and possibly also the Spanish, British, and some other West European parties) shifted from a revolutionary perspective leading toward a dictatorial, totalitarian regime to a peaceful, parliamentary perspective leading toward a pluralist, democratic regime? 2) Have the French and Italian Communist parties (and possibly the others) shifted to a course that is genuinely independent of the Soviet Union?

I believe, as I have previously argued, that the answer to the first question is a clear No. The turn, in its bearing on the problem of "the road to socialism," is not strategic but rhetorical and tactical. Granted the situations of the French and Italian parties (the two largest, richest, most powerful outside the Communist sphere), it is an almost inevitable tactical move. Neither has any prospect of winning a parliamentary majority in the normal course of events, but both have excellent prospects of entering the government, with a promising outlook for dominating it before long, through an electoral alliance. You cannot sustain an alliance if you announce in advance the intention of liquidating your ally.

Which Way to Freedom?

It is conceivable that Berlinguer, and just barely conceivable that Marchais, sincerely believe they have switched to the peaceful and democratic road. But the facts are not determined by their subjective attitude. So long as the Communists retain their revolutionary economic, social, and cultural program, they will be compelled to use coercion, force, and in the end totalitarian dictatorship when they try to put their program into practice. Opponents of the program will be by definition "counter-revolutionaries" who must be purged or liquidated. The historical evidence is unambiguous. Actual Communist regimes, wherever located and however initiated, are and remain totalitarian dictatorships. The only instance in any respect to the contrary is Yugoslavia; its micron deviation from the totalitarian norm does not encourage hope for a pluralist, democratic Communism.

Apart from other considerations, it is ridiculous to suppose that a monolithic totalitarian party (a "new kind of army," in Lenin's phrase) could inaugurate and preserve a pluralist, democratic society.

All evidence thus supports a negative answer to the first question, but the second is trickier. There has never been a democratic Communist government or party, but there have been and are both Communist governments and parties that have differed with, in some cases flatly opposed, the Soviet government in one or another degree. There is no *a priori* reason to exclude the French and Italian parties from the company of dissidents.

There are at present in the world several hundred Leninist-type Communist (Bolshevik) organizations that oppose Moscow. These are, however, easily enough recognized—as Maoist, Trotskyite, Castroite, or whatnot—and readily distinguished from the "pro-Moscow Communist Party." No one, least of all their own leaders, would include the French and Italian parties among the Maoist, etc. ultras.

Even in the 1920s, when the Communist parties of the world were being run directly by their "Comintern reps" and were trying their best to imitate in all things their triumphant Russian comrades, each party took on local coloring. How could it be otherwise? Soviet hegemony requires, essentially, adherence to "the general line" as laid down by the Soviet leadership, conformity on the decisive issues, strategy, and tactics, and "defense of the Soviet Union" as "fortress of the World Revolution"—that is, a willingness to subordinate, if necessary, the interests or security of the government of one's own nation to the interests of the Soviet Union and the global revolution.

From a strategic perspective, it is of no importance whether this or that Communist party starts meetings with the national anthem or the "Internationale," or whether its spokesmen occasionally express cosmetic criticisms of some aspects of Soviet life that are distasteful to local public opinion. All that matters, strategically, is the really decisive issues: war, revolution, "liberation" struggles, armaments, the choice of friends and enemies.

If Warsaw Pact armies invade Western Europe, will Marchais and Berlinguer support NATO? If a revolutionary situation is developing in Portugal, will Marchais and Berlinguer, like Moscow, favor (and work for) the victory or defeat of the Portuguese Communists?—the answer to that is already on record. Do Marchais and Berlinguer support Moscow's or Washington's policy on SALT, the Mideast, Angola, the Panama Canal?—we know those answers, too.

Choose Your Enemy

For Americans, the strategic determinant reduces to a single factor: Given an actual—not merely rhetorical—issue of any significance, will Marchais and Berlinguer line up with Moscow or with Washington? I don't think there can really be any doubt that in the foreseeable future both will line up with Moscow. Even if there were an occasional exception (perhaps conceivable in the case of Berlinguer), the pro-Moscow preponderance would contradict any idea of genuine "independence from Moscow," as in the past. By history, doctrine, habit, organizational inertia, money, crime, blackmail, assassination, as well as by thousands of Soviet agents in their ranks, the French and Italian parties are tied too tightly to the Kremlin to break loose without an explosion. Possibly this latest round of independence rhetoric is not being staged with Moscow's prior accord, but Moscow doesn't seem much worried about it. If Marchais and Berlinguer are added to the Kremlin's enemy list, we'll know about it soon enough. Moscow doesn't deal politely with turncoats. □

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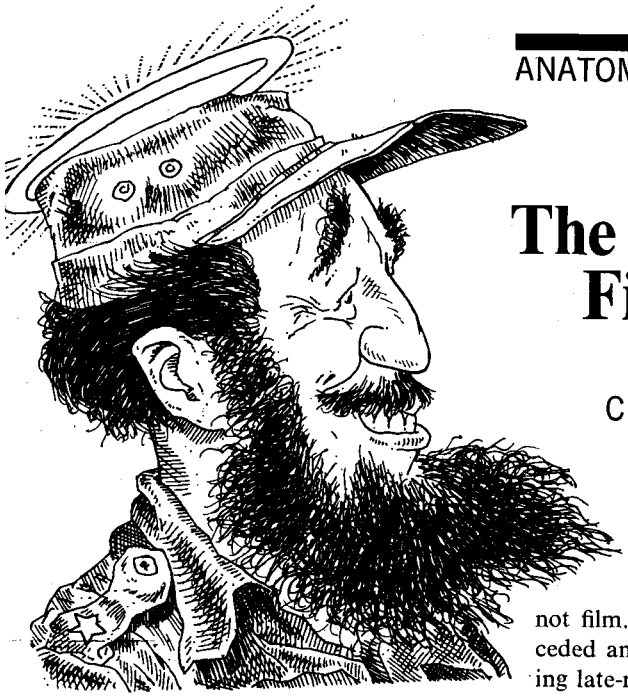
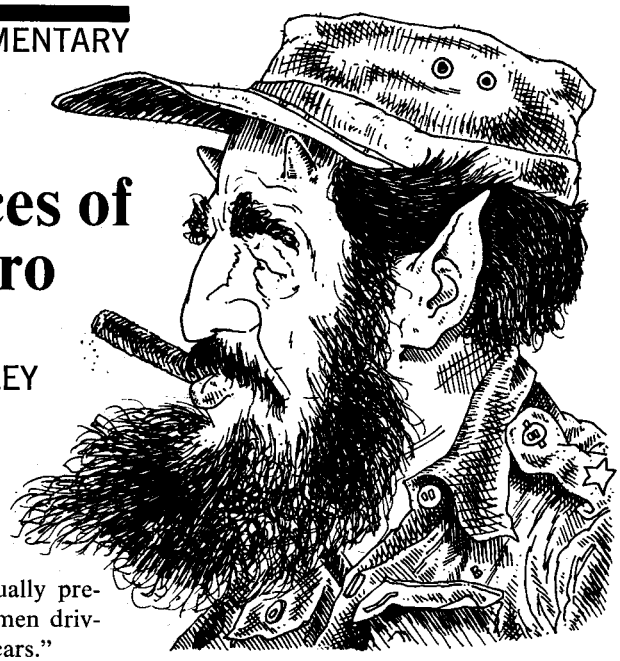
ANATOMY OF A DOCUMENTARY



The Two Faces of Fidel Castro



CHARLES W. WILEY

BOTH THE CRITICS and the defenders of TV news frequently ignore the wide differences in coverage between networks—or even *within* a network. Two documentaries about Cuba—made last year, when some people in this country were trying to kindle a romance with Fidel Castro—give us a rare chance for an in-depth comparison. CBS Network News produced *Castro, Cuba, and the U.S.A.* with Dan Rather, while CBS-owned WCBS-TV (Channel 2, New York) presented *Eye on Cuba* with Jim Jensen. And for further enlightenment, the two programs could also be compared with reports of other newsmen who were in Havana at the same time.

The results, taken issue by issue, are startling. The Cuba portrayed by CBS Network News was very different from the Cuba portrayed by the others.

On the question of the freedom given foreign reporters in Communist Cuba, Dan Rather of CBS said: "I can only tell you what a skeptical reporter saw and heard and felt . . . We were allowed to move freely, with and without guides . . ."

Jim Jensen of WCBS-TV, New York, by contrast, reported: "From the moment we arrived in Cuba, until the time we left, American newsmen were escorted by a group of government guides. . . . We had no transportation except by government-supplied buses, on which the newsmen were usually outnumbered by the guides. They would tell the drivers which route to take, and . . . tell us what we could and could not film. Our caravan was usually preceded and followed by other men driving late-model unmarked red cars."

Edward O'Neill of the *New York Daily News* told of his guide "who dogs your every move . . ." Newsmen "got close surveillance, a regimented tour of places they [the Communists] wanted us to see . . . What we didn't get was information." The news stories, he said, were "bootlegged . . . by the 29 U.S. reporters who were allowed to take a closely controlled look inside Communist Cuba . . ."

On the general atmosphere in Cuba, there was again a strong disparity. In opening the CBS special, Dan Rather promised that "we also will show you some of what everyday life is like today in Cuba." But about the only "everyday life" shown was of singing Cubans. The descriptions of scenes from one page of the Rather script read:

"(Cuban workers singing as they work)

"(Cane cutters singing as they work)

"(Choir singing)

"(Group singing *'Que Linda Es Cuba'* with guitar)."

Jim Jensen's Cuba was substantially less joyous. His "first reaction on seeing the people was that they looked kind of sad." His documentary included an interview with New York's Senator Jacob Javits, who told of changes in the people since his visit to Cuba 17 years ago: ". . . they're less cheerful. . . . What they're giving up—believe me, Jim!—is infinitely more serious than what they're getting." Javits' appraisal: "Pretty grim." Carl Migdail of *U.S. News & World Report* wrote: "An American reporter returning to Cuba after ten years finds that the Cubans, once light-hearted, explosive, and irrepressible, today are quiet, docile, obedient, almost humorless." Ed O'Neill of the *Daily News*, too, reported: "The Cuban people are not a happy people."

On the issue of government propaganda and brainwashing, the CBS Network program saw it differently from the others. Dan Rather reported briefly, and in low key. There are "no newspapers or magazines other than those published under government control. A shortage of variety in books . . ."

CUBANS, as seen by the others, were the victims of total thought control. Jensen: "Endless sloganeering . . . Even in apartment dwellings Communist Party propaganda is very much in evidence. . . . The Party's views are aired on radio, television, and in the press."

Migdail: "During all their waking hours, Cubans are bombarded by messages from the government and the Communist Party. . . . Photographs look down on the Cuban wherever he goes."

O'Neill: "The roads are lined with [propaganda] signs. . . . Soldiers are everywhere . . . displaying rifles and machine pistols. . . . People's lives are

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Mr. Wiley, a lecturer and newsman, is head of the National Committee for Responsible Patriotism. He is currently running for office and hopes to be the Republican congressional nominee in the 15th CD in New Jersey.

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watched and regulated by the government."

On Cuba's social and economic state, Rather reports optimistically: "Cuban working people get treated to the Tropicana [nightclub] occasionally as a reward for excellent production. They now also can go to other bars and restaurants once reserved for the more affluent. That is what the revolution is supposed to be about: taking people from the bottom, and putting them on top. . . . The large hotels, once exclusively American fun places, now provide pleasure mostly for Cuban honeymooners." The only flaw mentioned by the CBS newsman was that the photos of U.S. movie stars on a barroom wall were faded.

JENSEN WAS less impressed. He described the Havana Libre Hotel (the luxurious Havana Hilton before it was nationalized): "The carpeting is not only stained and threadbare, but it reeks from the smell of mildew; lighting fixtures were in need of repair; there was no air conditioning; bathroom fixtures have become oxidized; we were warned about drinking the tap water, and there was no hot water either."

O'Neill was also disturbed by signs of decay. After describing the near-empty dining room and the terrible service, he added: "The glasses were dirty and chipped. . . . Several elevators had broken down . . . the walls badly in need of a paint job. . . . Two reporters sharing a room also had to share a single towel. It was the same at the Tropicana."

Rather devoted just 38 words to the shortage of consumer goods and the Cuban lifestyle: "[There are] some shortages in basic consumer goods. In general, people look reasonably well-clothed and well-fed, but many items are rationed—meat, for example, and milk. The rationing does appear to be more an inconvenience than a hardship."

Jensen saw a grimmer picture. He told of housewives "waiting on long lines for an equally long list of rationed items . . . [including] staples like eggs, rice, beans, meat, and vegetables." When shopping for other goods, Cubans "usually find half-empty stores and sometimes completely empty windows. . . . Clothing is also rationed. . . .

"So, from his shoes to his shirts, and to his cigarettes, cigars, and beer, the state generally determines how much Julio can have.

". . . Cars are a luxury . . . battered and disintegrating American cars from the Forties and Fifties. . . ."

Carl Migdail of *U.S. News*: ". . . The individual [meat] ration has been cut from three-quarters of a pound every seven days to the same amount every nine days. . . . 'I have often been offered high prices for the shirt and trousers I happened to be wearing at the time,' a diplomat says."

Migdail described Cuba as "A nation of queues. Cubans can be seen lining up at all hours of the day and night in front of coffee shops, drugstores, restaurants, and theaters."

The 650,000 Cubans (10 per cent of the population) who left their native land and all their possessions to flee Castro's totalitarian dictatorship received only 41 words of recognition from Rather—who then indicated disagreement with their insistence "that visitors are often taken in by Castro's personality and the appearances of unity and solidarity."

Rather's impression was that "Castro is overwhelmingly popular." This was a recurring theme throughout the CBS program. At other points in the script the viewer was told: "The base, the footing of Fidel Castro's revolution, appeared to be more secure than ever. . . . Fidel—Cubans seldom call him anything but Fidel . . . Security around him is light. Cuba is a Communist dictatorship and gives every indication of remaining so. From all outward indications, at least, the overwhelming majority of the Cuban people want it that way."

Rather's description of the response to a Castro speech stresses the oneness of the dictator with his people. "The crowd responds with a chant: Right on, Fidel! Give it to the Yankees hard!"

It was Rather's only mention of the mood of the crowd, but other reporters picked up different vibes. Jim Jensen, covering the same rally, told his WCBS-TV viewers: "It was supposed to be like a fiesta, except that to most of the American visitors, the Cubans we saw seemed strangely somber, pensive, almost solemn, some of them waving their flags and flowers mechanically, without animation."

Ed O'Neill saw it the same way: "We [a group of reporters] attended a Castro rally and came away convinced that Fidel's popularity has slipped badly. . . . The cheers were there, carefully orchestrated by groups of young Castroites planted in the crowd."

As for the CDR, which controls nearly every phase of Cuban life, the CBS Network program simply ignored it. Castro himself mentioned the CDR in passing, while answering one Rather question, but the CBS newsman did not pick it up and press for an explanation of the organization's duties.

Jensen, on the other hand, said that its function, "like the Communist Chinese system it copied," is "to control the inhabitants of the block, through community spying activities and vigilantism."

O'Neill confirms the Jensen report: "They monitor the lives of every citizen. . . . A citizen can't even throw a house party without the OK of the block captain."

On the issue of police-state terror, the CBS documentary referred to it in only five buried words: "The Castro system has survived and in many important ways succeeded because of hard work and dedication among his followers; *ruthlessness in dealing with dissent*; skyrocketing world sugar prices; and massive assistance from the Soviet Union." (Emphasis added.)

WCBS-TV, however, went into tragic detail. Jensen told of a girl being questioned after talking to reporters and of a teenager who was frightened into silence by Castro's strongarm men. He showed some dramatic, frightening footage of the young man being driven away. "Our team began filming a line of four of those red unmarked cars, which had been following our bus. As our lights lit up the curbing, cameraman Murray Wald, soundman Joe Donohue, and electrician Tom Stamulis saw José in the back seat of the last car, between two men. The lights were ordered turned off. The car drove away. And we never saw José again." Jensen added, in speaking of this episode: ". . . we may have seen one way in which Fidel Castro retains his following."

O'Neill quotes one boy as telling "his own personal horror tale about the people's lack of freedom, repressive government sanctions, and the short supply of food" until frightened into silence by two "goons." "For us [the U.S. reporters]," said O'Neill, "it was a

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continuing wild scene of momentary, clandestine interviews initiated by desperate Cubans who grabbed our arms, quickly registered their feelings in whispers, then hurried off into crowds. . . . A woman crying in public because she couldn't join her exiled husband in Miami, a young girl whispering: 'Save us, we are suffering!' Or an old man declaring bitterly: 'They can't hurt me much longer; I cry for the young.' . . . A state where secret police are everywhere and neighbors spy on neighbors, where political dissidents swell jails and prison camps, where the government controls the news and the people are ruled by fear."

ALL OF THE newsmen pointed out some advances of the past 16 years. Rather's list included: housing, schools, health care, racial harmony. Jensen gave details on improved health care, housing, and education. Migdail told of "less racial discrimination," improved housing, and "an island-wide highway system under construction." O'Neill reported that "Hospitals and clinics have sprung up all over the island." And he said: "Cuba is emerging with the best education system in Latin and South America."

The only time Rather came close to being critical was when he said: "But centuries of poverty and backwardness combined with peasant resistance to change are not easily overcome. Castro himself acknowledges poverty still exists. The influences of Cuba's past, Spanish, African, and North American, remain strong."

After comparing the reports of these four different newsmen, one understands why *Venceremos*, propaganda organ for Communist Cuba, called the CBS Network special "One of U.S. television's finest hours." For Fidel Castro, it was a great show. In it Rather, highly touted as one of CBS' toughest reporters, sounds more like a flack than a newsman.

Some others were not pleased. *Accuracy in Media* discovered the original transcript of the Castro interviews and charged CBS with whitewashing Fidel by editing out his boasts of aiding revolutionaries in other countries, including: "When they do fight, we back them!" Instead, Rather summed up Castro's attitude as almost the opposite: "[Che] . . . was killed trying to carry out a Castro style of guerrilla war. Che's way failed. Now Castro talks more of conciliation and trade."

The Cuban dictator must have had a good laugh over Rather's comments when he ordered his troops into far-off Angola just a few months later.

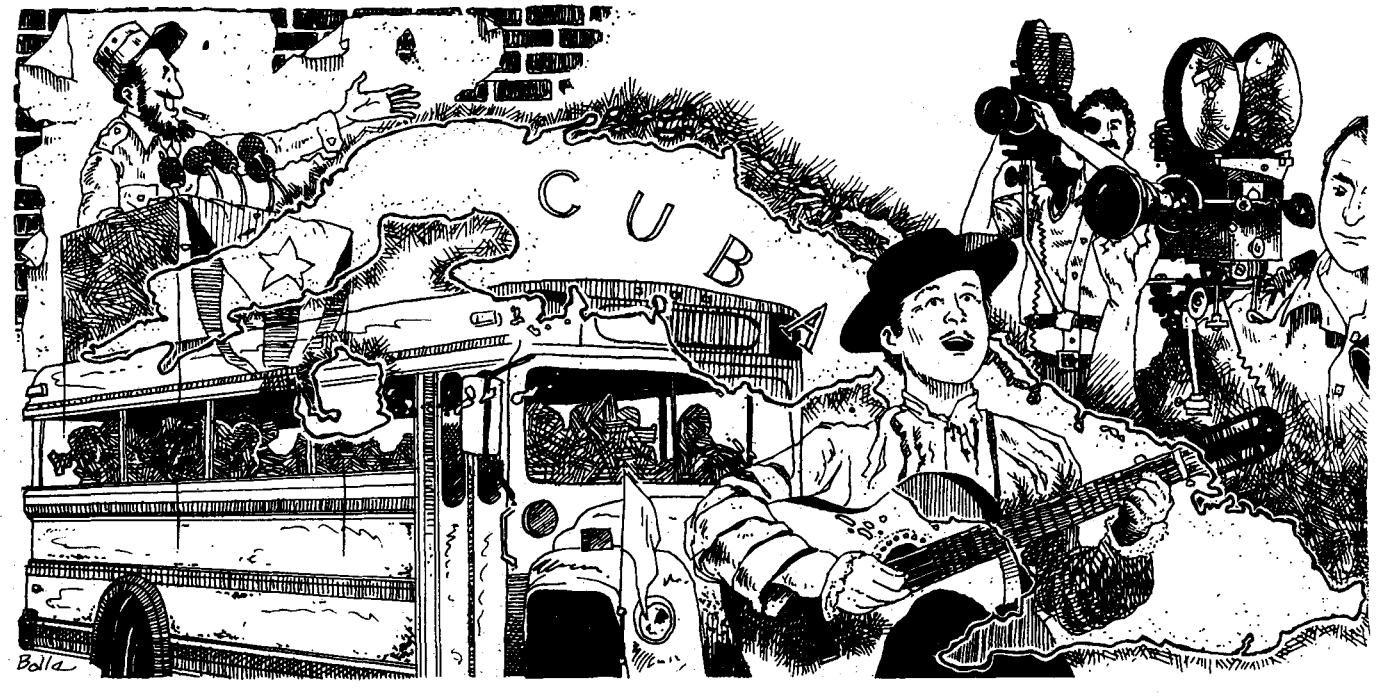
Rather reported approvingly that "Dr. Castro responded to every question put to him." And why not? They were batting practice pitches tossed right over the plate—giving Castro a perfect opportunity to make whatever points he wished. The CBS news team even introduced such juicy subjects for Fidel as CIA activities in Chile and the involvement of anti-Castro Cubans in the Watergate scandal. Rather almost seemed to be setting up an excuse for the use of Communist violence and repression when he asked: "Considering what happened to Allende and in Chile, do you see any possibility of . . . anyone else in Latin America electing what you would consider to be a social reform government?"

AT NO TIME did Rather ask a hard-nosed question that might put the Cuban dictator on the spot or make him at all uncomfortable.

CBS had—and has—the WCBS-TV report available to present a balanced picture to the American people, but has chosen not to show a single moment of Jim Jensen's far more even-handed documentary outside of the parent station in New York. Why not?

The great Russian author Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn challenged those newsmen who are ruthless in dealing with authorities in the West but lose their critical zeal when they visit a Communist country. "Here [in the Free World] there's nothing sacred for them. They go at presidents, the military, ministries, and so forth, but there, if some miserable Bulgarian policeman tells them not to photograph a church, they stop."

Solzhenitsyn is puzzled as to why some U.S. newsmen become pussycats when they enter a Communist police state. "Why such a difference?" he asked. Why, indeed. □



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AGNEW'S GIFT TO THE PRESS

They'll never admit it, but what do we have seven years after That Des Moines Speech? Why, more responsible media, that's what: and all thanks to the former Veep

Echoes of . . . Shhh . . . (Spiro)

VICTOR GOLD

"It was ghoulish, senseless, and God only knows what effect constant exposure to that type of bloody horror has on the minds of us all."—Phil Tracy, the Village Voice *(January 19, 1976), re TV network coverage of the LaGuardia Airport bombing.*

"Our knowledge of the impact of network news on the national mind is far from complete. But some early returns are available . . . We have enough information to raise serious questions about its effect on a democratic society." —Spiro Agnew, Des Moines (November 13, 1969).

THE REVIEWS ARE coming in on Spiro Agnew's novel and, what do you know, most of the *important* critics don't much care for his style. To be sure, as of this writing we have yet to hear from the Saint-Just of the upper Chesapeake, but sufficient unto the hour is the literary tumbreling thereof. Garry Wills can take his time. We already have the verdict of the weekly news magazine that Separates Fact from Opinion, whose critic allows that *The Canfield Decision* is overwritten, forced, and voyeuristic. Besides, it was written for money.

Perfect. Wouldn't want to hear it any other way. The novel's author may not like the blade's edge, but I, for one, take comfort these days from any and all signs that even in a fluxional society some things stay put: the Pittsburgh Steeler Front Four, the location of Grant's Tomb, *Newsweek*'s low estimation of Spiro Agnew's use of the English language . . .

But, you ask, what *is* new with the former Vice President? I get asked that question on an average of, say, two-and-a-half times a week, down from a high of ten during the year immediately following his resignation; the half question being the one I sever, mid-sentence, to explain to the ferret-correspondent from the *National Enquirer* that the peregrinations of my former employer are no longer my concern, either as a professional flack or an amateur tout.

I last talked to Spiro Agnew by phone, the evening of December 30, 1974. He called to ask my opinion on an issue of mutual, if not national, concern; specifically, Alabama's chances against Notre Dame in the upcoming Orange Bowl. I told him that my Reliable Source in Miami had informed me that Alabama's chances were very good. So good, in fact . . .

That conversation occurred well over a year ago. My former employer has not called me since. Nor I, him. I presume that he, too, dropped a bundle.

All of which persiflage is by way of establishing a credibility level for the observations that follow; to stress that I am no longer anybody's lead bugler, having lost my lip for such work several Elliot Richardson appointments back, as we measure time in Washington during Republican Administrations.

The truth of the matter is that what bias I have on the subject of Spiro Agnew inclines toward regarding him only as I do every other former American Vice President; which is to say, forgetting that he ever held the office. No, I am not turning—or, as it were, bending—my back on an old employer. It is simply a matter of having learned from a decade of unpredictable political happenings and Alabama bowl games that the best antidote to a disappointing final score is self-induced amnesia.

In any case, I am only confessing a personal bias now held by conservatives in general. Has not Agnew's portrait been removed from the ideological family room and the place where it hung been painted over, two coats? The Hero has been Unpersoned. Save for an occasional reminder of his onetime existence by some relentless anti-Orwellian (like William Rusher), most of us have written his name out of our histories. Having exalted the man, we absolve ourselves of that un-conservative lapse into graven idolatry with a self-contemptuous recycling of the old liberal joke: Spiro *Who?*

Spiro Who. Well, let's see . . .

For openers, were we to unbend enough to see the strangers in our midst, there is Spiro Mankiewicz busy writing a liberal's indictment of the pernicious effect of television, including TV news programing, on the American social fabric. And there is Spiro Braden, who recently devoted two columns to lambasting what he saw as a stacked Daniel Schorr interview with a hot-eyed CIA critic. Why, Braden

Mr. Gold was Barry Goldwater's press secretary in 1964 and Vice President Agnew's press secretary from 1968 on. He is writing a book for Doubleday on the PR aspects of the '76 campaign, entitled Super Tuesday.

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demanded to know, won't Schorr admit he made a mistake in allowing his interviewee to make unfounded charges before a national audience, without challenge? If network correspondents don't exercise responsibility in reporting the news, where *is* our country headed?

Where, indeed. Spiro Vanocur asks the same question of the networks in the *Washington Post* these days. The former NBC-PBS correspondent not long ago criticized television coverage of the Patricia Hearst *guignol* as a tasteless mixture of hype journalism and show biz. Along about the same time, other latter-day ombudsmen of news media operations—Spiro Sevareid, for one—were agonizing over the nature of the coverage given Lynette Fromme following her attempted assassination of the President, wondering whether saturation treatment of the aberrant might encourage other publicity-seeking kooks to act out their private fantasies.

Then there is the Social Science Research Council (SSRC), whose name suggests nothing so much as an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals (to pull a phrase out of the blue). Nevertheless, the SSRC must be infiltrated by a cadre of Spiros, since it has committed upwards of $1 million to study the question of—let me quote its Spiroesque language precisely —"how political *elites* interact with media *elites* to affect the media agenda" during the 1976 presidential campaign; not to overlook all those other post-Des Moines Spiros within the media, who have seen fit to expand their editorial pages to include the opinion columns of conservative writers; nor the Spiros inside the networks themselves, who now find virtue in the idea of balancing the commentaries of in-house liberals with an occasional conservative voice.

What these critic-converts seem to be saying, if we can trust our eyes and ears, is that the sanhedrins of the news media ought to re-examine the role and responsibility of a free press in a free society: a point most heatedly made by Spiro Tracy of—who would have believed it in the Bad Old Days of Agnew's Terror?—the *Village Voice*.

"I do believe it would be best for all of us if . . . news directors would sit down and work out some hard and fast rules about covering future tragedies. . . . Perhaps, if such an agreement were worked out here, there would also be criticism. But I don't think so. Not here. Not now. We've got more tragic news than we know what to do with."—Tracy, ibid.

"The questions I am raising here tonight should have been raised by others long ago. They should have been raised by those Americans who have traditionally considered the preservation of freedom of speech and freedom of the press their special provinces of responsibility."—Agnew, ibid.

LET ME concede the liberals their genius: they are the *quick* party. Flux is their natural element, and while conservatives must take special pains to blot out the past, the liberal mind, like that new IBM Selectric II, self-erases.

Some months ago I had this impulse, for example, to send copies of another former employer's presidential campaign speeches to certain liberal candidates for this year's Democratic nomination, with a note attached: *Feel free to use, but please credit original source.* A more subtle leg-pull might have been to send them copies of their *own* speeches of a decade ago. But I decided against the project. The joke, either way, would escape them.

Early on, you see, I thought that those liberals of 1976 campaigning on Barry Goldwater's 1964 speeches were merely cynical political shoplifters. Now, however, I am convinced otherwise. These men truly believe that *they* first discovered the evils of big government and bureaucratic wastefulness. They do not remember it as Goldwater's issue, only as *their* issue, secure in the knowledge that Arthur Schlesinger will also remember it that way when he writes another *Age of Jackson* (or Humphrey, or Udall, or Carter, or . . .).

So, too, with our liberal Spiros. To suggest to Tom Braden or Phil Tracy that he is playing Agnew's song six years late is to invite a sneer. To suggest the same to Eric Sevareid is to invite a letter from a lawyer. Agnew, these men would insist, had absolutely nothing to do with opening the current national dialogue on news power and responsibility because 1) he was Nixon's Vice President; 2) he should never have made the Des Moines speech in the first place; 3) he copped a plea in Baltimore, thereby proving, as liberals claimed all along, that he was divisive, polarizing, and a man who moved his lips when he read the funnies; and 4) the dialogue was inevitable in any event, and would have come about without any vice presidential rhetoric.

INDEED, they may have a point with that last. But, we may ask, when *would* such a dialogue have taken place? What public figure has skin thick enough to withstand the barbs that, speaking of inevitability, come the way of any politician who criticizes the news media?

What we know for certain is that, before Des Moines, the issue of media power had been raised many times over by others, at lower levels of public life. Nevertheless, there was no dialogue. How could there have been? Until the original Spiro made that speech, the sanhedrins of the Supermedia weren't even listening.

So all right, let me also concede *Newsweek*'s critic her point about Spiro the novelist: the man is *not* the American answer to André Malraux. Yet these days we need only look elsewhere in that publication (so dear to my former employer's bile) to find evidence of the impact his use of language has had in other areas: two regularly featured conservative columnists—one on politics, the other on economics—along with a full page set aside each week for diverse opinions. Our turn—or, at least, someone's turn other than the editors'.

But, of course, as a onetime bugler, I should be among the last to submit that Agnew's vice presidential speeches on the media had anything to do with bringing such changes about. After all, I want to maintain my credibility. And to argue that many conservatives now in the media mainstream owe their newfound recognition to Spiro Who is to suggest that even if history does not vindicate the man, it has already vindicated his position on the issue that first set him apart from other Vice Presidents. That is something we conservatives, with rare exception, seem oddly reluctant to remember—and which our liberal friends, Arthur help them, are only too willing to help us forget. □

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A REFLECTION

Explaining Things to Ike

DENISON KITCHEL

NEITHER THE NEWSMEN nor the remaining visitors were very alert that bright July day as the morning fog over San Francisco was lifting. The 1964 Republican Convention had ended late the night before. Moving without the usual campaign entourage, we made it from the Mark Hopkins Hotel down to the St. Francis, through the lobby and up to the presidential suite with only a few stops. At the moment, this mission was far more important than shaking hands with sleepy well-wishers and signing stray autograph cards.

Senator Barry Goldwater, the newly chosen Republican presidential nominee, was hurrying to pay his respects to former two-term Republican President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

We were greeted at the door of the suite by the General's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower. "Glad to see you, Barry, and congratulations. Ike will be with us in a minute." The Senator introduced me to Dr. Eisenhower. Making rather stilted conversation, we settled into the richly upholstered chairs and sofa that surrounded a low coffee table in the center of the room.

As the Senator's campaign director, I was apprehensive about this meeting. This was the big hurdle we had to get over at the very start of the final race for the Presidency. General Eisenhower had been a constant problem to us during the long pre-Convention campaign. Our best hope had been to keep him neutral. Although he seemed fond of the Senator personally, he had been so strongly influenced by his intimates in the Eastern Republican Establishment that every time he and Barry met, Ike acted like a skittish colt.

Now, with the nomination an accomplished fact, we had to have Ike in our corner. But having read the newspapers' first reaction to the Senator's acceptance speech, I sensed stormy weather ahead if the former President should follow their hostile, critical lead. The press had zeroed in on Goldwater's phrase "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." (For the record, that passage was not composed by Karl Hess, as is popularly believed, but by Professor Harry V. Jaffa. The passage had its philosophical origin in Aristotle's Ethics—*Ethica Nicomachea*, Book II, Chapter 6—and it also closely resembles a passage in Cicero: "I must remind you, lords, senators, that extreme patriotism in the defense of freedom is no crime. And let me respectfully remind you that pusillanimity in the pursuit of justice is no virtue in a Roman." The 14th edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* lists Thomas Paine and William Lloyd Garrison as the forebears of the Goldwater passage.)

OUR REFLECTIONS were soon interrupted. A door opened and out strode a familiar figure, still clad in striped pajamas and a faded blue dressing gown, although it was past eleven. Here was that broad boyish smile, the bright blue eyes, the flickering frown, the shiny bald pate known so well and so affectionately to millions of Americans.

Eisenhower greeted the Senator enthusiastically. The pleasure of seeing an old comrade in arms seemed to put him at ease for the moment. He welcomed me most cordially, apologizing for his attire and professing some weariness after the late Convention night.

The Senator, some twenty years the General's junior, was smiling and relaxed, radiating a rugged charm: two warm, strong personalities.

The easy atmosphere didn't last long. As we sat down around the coffee table we could sense a return of the General's usual uneasiness in the Senator's presence. A staff member had once facetiously described an earlier meeting between the two: "Ike seemed afraid that Barry would drop a nuclear bomb or repeal Social Security right in front of him."

Today it was the same, only worse. Eisenhower began to make polite, jerky conversation about the Convention, the weather, the tribulations of campaigning, San Francisco—anything to keep away from the obvious subject, the coming campaign and the part he might play in it.

The Senator, in turn, asked the General about a recent fishing trip, Mamie, the farm at Gettysburg. The conversation lagged. Dr. Eisenhower threw in a somber observation or two and then gave up.

My heart began to sink. Something in particular was bothering Ike today, something more than his usual uneasiness around Barry.

Suddenly the General drew a deep breath and straightened in his chair. The frown deepened as he edged forward, the boyish smile gone, replaced by an expression of martial severity.

"Say, Barry," he blurted out, "what did you mean in your acceptance speech last night when you said something about extremism being a virtue or not being a vice or something like that. You sure kicked up a fuss. I'm still puzzled over what you meant."

"Why, General, I meant just what I said," Goldwater replied calmly and respectfully. " 'Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue.' That's not hard to understand, is it, Sir?"

"Well, it is for me. I got the impression you were giving the extremists, the right-wing kooks, a big pat on the back and slapping everyone else in the face. Is that what you meant to do?" He glared at Goldwater.

"No, Sir, not at all. We gave that sentence in the speech a lot of thought. As you know, during this campaign the terms 'extremist,' 'moderate,' 'liberal,' and 'conservative' have been tossed around in such a way that nobody knows what they mean anymore. With the help of the news media, Rocky, Bill Scranton, and George Romney have succeeded in dropping their 'liberal' tags and getting relabeled as 'moderates.' They've tried to hide the fact that the true contest within the Republican Party is between the 'conservatives' and the 'liberals.' They've made it appear to be a struggle be-

Mr. Kitchel, the general director of the Goldwater campaign, is now working on a book on foreign policy.

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tween 'extremists' and 'moderates,' shifting the spectrum way over to the right. In other words, everyone who's for Goldwater is a right-wing nut. Everyone *else* is a sensible 'moderate.' And the press has played this to the hilt."

"But, Barry," the General interrupted impatiently, "what's all that got to do with saying that extremism is a good thing? I don't get it. I really don't. And I think it's going to raise hell in the Party."

"I agree with Ike," Milton chimed in. "I think it was a great mistake."

"No, no, you're wrong," the Senator replied, still smiling but rather wanly. "You just don't understand what I was saying." He turned to me.

"Denny, you worked on that speech. Maybe you can explain this to the General better than I can."

"Well, I doubt that," I said. "But the key words being overlooked in this discussion are 'in the defense of liberty.' 'Extremism *in the defense of liberty* is no vice.' You have to consider the whole sentence. What Barry was trying to put across, General, was that patriotism is not a vice. That defending the Constitution, opposing Communism, trying to preserve our free enterprise system, that kind of thing, can't be made wrong by labeling it 'extremism.'"

"I still don't get it," the General broke in testily, his face flushed with anger. The meeting seemed headed toward disaster. For some reason Ike was taking the "extremism" statement as a personal affront. Why? What was eating him? In desperation I searched for a clue.

Suddenly I had a glimpse of the truth. My heart hit bottom. Many years before, in a privately distributed black book called *The Politician*, Robert Welch, the founder of the John Birch Society, had accused Ike of treason. The General had been wildly indignant. In the current campaign, the liberals had built Welch up as the "arch-extremist" and tried to tie Goldwater to him at every turn. Obviously Barry's statement had reopened a deep wound.

My hunch was confirmed. The next thing Ike said, as he turned from me to Goldwater, was: "What you were saying, Barry, as I see it, was that there was nothing wrong, for example, in calling me 'a conscious agent of the Communists.' Well, by golly, it is wrong—it's utter tommyrot. It's an outrage. People who say that kind of thing *are* nuts. They're malicious people. To say that they're not is going to do a lot of harm. Mark my words!" His eyes were steely.

"General, I didn't say that and I didn't mean to imply it," the Senator said firmly, no longer smiling. "I feel just as strongly as you do about those irresponsible nuts, perhaps more so. I've got them hanging around my neck like an albatross. No. Let's get back to the thing that was mentioned a few minutes ago, the words 'in the defense of liberty.'"

The Senator leaned forward. He was grim.

"General, I'm getting damn sick and tired of having people who love their country, who stand up for it, who fight for what it means, condemned by the phony use of words. That's what I was trying to say last night. To point out that that's exactly what's being done." He paused, then added, "And I also meant to shake up those who are doing it."

The General continued to glare at him, jaw set, fists clenched.

Milton Eisenhower spoke up: "Barry, you just aren't getting through to us. And if we can't understand what you're talking about, how do you think anyone else is going to?"

The Senator seemed to ignore the question. He continued to look steadily at the General. It was deadlock. I glanced at Milton Eisenhower and shifted slightly in my chair. Perhaps it was time to leave. Suddenly Barry smiled and leaned even further forward.

"General, maybe this will explain to you what I mean." He paused.

"There's no more extreme action than war. General, in June 1944 when you led the Allied Forces across the English Channel, you were an 'extremist,' and you did it in defense of liberty."

Ike looked puzzled for a moment. Then he rose excitedly to his feet. The blue eyes were warm again. The famous smile wreathed his face.

"By golly, I get it! I see now what you mean. By golly, that makes real sense. That's great, Barry—great, just great. I'm glad you came to see me." He turned, beaming, toward his brother. "By golly, Milton, I'm an extremist—and damn proud of it."

We were on our feet now, talking, smiling, relaxed. During the conversation that followed Eisenhower assured Goldwater that he would be glad to make some speeches for him and do a television appearance with him.

The midday sun was blinding as we stepped from the lobby of the St. Francis out into a city still struggling to awaken. The Senator was silent as we walked, but I detected a slight grin as he took long strides up Powell Street. □

Something Wrong with the System?

Alas, we all know there are desperate mobs
Of unemployed people who cannot find jobs.
They stand in long lines as they hope to collect
Insurance they now have the right to expect;
And when the insurance runs out it's no joke:
The next stage is welfare, because they're still broke.

Then why when both households and offices look
For help like a file clerk, a competent cook,
An honest repairman, a woman to clean,
A nurse, a mechanic to run a machine,
A typist who knows how to spell—a poor boy
Or girl to run errands they'd gladly employ—
They have such a time finding anyone to
Fill jobs they so sorely need someone to do?

—CORINNA MARSH

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End of the Waste Land

DANTE GERMINO

"I THINK we can all agree," Irving Kristol has written, "that the United States today—and Western civilization in general—is experiencing what we call a crisis in values." Although "crisis" is an overworked word in our day, Kristol's observation is in the strictest sense correct. There is something about a crisis in values that sets it apart from crises concerning food, energy, population, crime, and so forth. It means that we have lost our bearings and our balance, that we have become disoriented and confused, that there has been a breakdown of ethical standards, that we no longer know how to judge right from wrong.

Disorientation in the area of values is manifest throughout our society. The nation's institutions of "higher learning" should be able to offer us some counsel in our troubled search for a reorientation in values, in our attempt to distinguish the higher from the lower. But many of the more prestigious universities have become transformed into repositories of technical skill and so-called value-free research. Particularly in the social sciences, with the ascendancy of the behavioral persuasion, we have witnessed the fallacious attempt to separate "values" from "facts," and to confine "science" to the realm of "empirical facts" while denying that there are any universal standards for choosing between conflicting values (which are categorized in the behavioralist language as "preferences"). "Values," a European positivist once cavalierly observed, "are capable of confession but not of cognition." That statement cut the heart out of what had been known as the "perennial philosophy," which had assumed that the Good was a Reality with which, in the height of his noetic consciousness, man might have contact and in which he might knowingly participate. The Good, according to the perennial philosophy, is not an idiosyncratic "value judgment." If it is held to be so, we no longer have a common culture, but either a jungle of wild and uncontrollable opinions or a drab and monotonous conformity with the "age."

Thus, all too many of the political and social science departments of the nation's academies ignore ethical questions and give the great classics of moral and political philosophy little if any place in their curricula. Yet it is precisely in the "great books" of the Hellenic and Judaeo-Christian traditions that one finds the moral questions treated most profoundly. To cut ourselves off from their wisdom is to throw away a priceless tool for dealing with our current crisis in values. No man has done more to restore our communion with this heritage than our greatest living political philosopher, Eric Voegelin.

Voegelin escaped from the Nazis in Austria in the 1930s, and taught for many years in the United States, at Alabama and LSU. Still vigorous and creative today in his mid-seventies, he has just published the long-awaited fourth volume of his great work, *Order and History*. I shall attempt to outline the principal themes of Voegelin's teaching as they bear on our topic, while adding the caveat that there is no substitute for reading his works *in extenso*.

Trail of Symbols

Voegelin was led by the enormous upheavals of our time—the rise of totalitarian movements, the advent of world wars—to look for the major source of current disorders in the thought of the past. He understood that the historical and the contemporary illumine each other, that human existence has a time dimension, and that there is no such thing as an instantaneous abstract "present" cut off from the past.

What he discovered in his efforts to chart the course of the spiritual order and disorder of man was that the history of ideas is not a flat catalogue or

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chronology, but a "trail of symbols" in which epochs of creativity and insight —he calls them spiritual "outbursts"— are followed by long periods of dullness and aridity and even, more recently, by actual assaults on and retrogressions from insights previously gained. It is important to recognize at the outset that for Voegelin the evidence does not permit us to speak of a straight-line "progress" of the human mind from "primitive" lore to sophisticated modern science. Modernity for Voegelin is at best a mixture of conflicting tendencies and at worst a spiritual disaster of unparalleled magnitude.

According to Voegelin, history properly understood is the story of man's search for God and God's search for man in the "Between" of human life. Or, to use his more technical vocabulary, history is a series of "theophanous events" (from "theophany," or the manifestation of the divine). Man's encounter with the divine is first expressed in the language of the myth, wherein the visible cosmos—with its rhythms of birth, growth, decay, and death—is experienced as sacred, and the gods are intra-cosmic forces immediately present to man. Against the background of this "world full of gods," there occurs, in a series of parallel instances in Greece, Israel, India, Persia, and China, a "break" with the myth through the discovery of more differentiated symbols for expressing our experiences of participation in reality. Only in Israel and Hellas, however, is the break sufficiently radical to call it a "leap in being."

The "Between"

The leap in being experienced contemporaneously and independently by the Hellenic philosophers and the Hebrew prophets is nothing less than the opening of the soul to the world-transcendent God, who is the measure of right judgment in all that man is and does. After the leap in being, through the noetic theophany of Hellas and the pneumatic theophany of Israel, man is perceived to exist in an "open society." He now becomes aware of a new height and depth to his existence and of a new freedom of the spirit as he acts uniquely and in the present under the world-transcendent God.

With the coming of Jesus Christ—with the "flash of eternity into time" that is the Incarnation—we have the forming of the Christian community and the incalculable enrichment of our lives through the Gospels and the letters of St. Paul. Christianity is decisively significant for the philosophy of history, Voegelin informs us, because it has provided us with the most fully differentiated symbols for understanding the human drama.

From the insights of classical and Judaeo-Christian thought, which form the basis of what is now called Western civilization, an image of man emerges which Voegelin describes as follows:

Man exists in the "tension" of the Between (*metaxy*) of human life—between openness and closure, life and death, good and evil. He experiences himself as participating in a reality which he cannot now fully understand, a reality which he senses to be moving beyond itself. He is aware of his fragility, of his mortality, of the reality of the "sharpness of death." ("Man that is born of woman hath but a brief time to live; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower.") His anxiety about the fragility of his existence, however, is overcome by his faith in God's redemption of the fallen world through grace beyond time and in the overcoming of all evil, suffering, and death. The manner of this redemption and overcoming cannot yet be understood with any certainty, for "here below we see as in a glass, darkly," and faith is the "evidence of things unseen." In this mortal life, we have no foolproof certainties; we must content ourselves with existing in the openness of uncertain truth toward God, the Ground of our Being. We are profoundly aware of our imperfections—of intellectual and spiritual pride, of bodily lust, and of lack of charity toward our neighbor—but we are confident that, no matter how often we may succumb in "word, thought, and deed" to the temptations of the counterpull of closure, by grace we shall ultimately be completely victorious.

There is always the temptation to collapse the tension of metaleptic or participatory reality in the Between and to try to substitute for it a fallacious "second reality" of our own imaginings. Or, to employ Voegelin's terminology, there is the constant danger that we shall try to substitute closure for openness, or "egophany" for "theophany."

In his recently published *From Enlightenment to Revolution*, Voegelin has observed that "what is sometimes referred to as the crisis of Western civilization is not an event that occurs at a definite point in time. It is a process which by now has extended for over a century and a half and which, for all we know, may be protracted for another century." That process may be described as the gradual triumph of egophany over theophany in the symbolism of Western man.

Egophany v. *Theophany*

By egophany, Voegelin means man's attempt to expand his closed self, or ego, to the point where it usurps the place of God and becomes the standard for human conduct. It contrasts with theophany, which teaches patience before the imperfections and ambiguities of life, charity toward one's neighbors, and humility regarding one's own achievements and human achievements in general. While theophany does not demand an impossible perfection here and now, egophany promises an exodus from the problems and perplexities of human existence through some magical expansion of human power. For the egophanist, temporal "success" is all that matters; he has only contempt for what Aristotle called the philosophic or contemplative life (*bios theōretikos*): the participation of the human reason in the divine reason. The egophanist views reasoning as purely instrumental (not substantive): as calculating, utilitarian, pragmatic. Thus, the egophanist rejects the openness of philosophy toward the Ground of our Being and diminishes man by confining him to his world-immanent consciousness.

Since the French Revolution, we have witnessed the rise of numerous ideological creeds and movements whose goal was the magical substitution of a brutally simplified second reality for the complex primary reality of the Between; Communism, Fascism, and National Socialism have been the most destructive and devastating of the egophanic mass movements. In the United States we are familiar with the dangers of those particularly brutal manifestations of egophany: we fought a world war against the Nazi and Fascist powers, and we continue today to face the challenge of world Communism.

What is less widely understood is the more subtle danger of a certain form of egophany which, while it does not

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kill or imprison the body, threatens to numb the soul. Voegelin calls this force "Progressivism," having in mind the strain of egophany initiated by Turgot, Helvetius, and Condorcet. Another possible label is "Benthamism"; I prefer the term "technocratic ethos."

But, whatever we call it, there exists today—and its propagators often have the very best intentions—a one-dimensional, leveling spirit that values quantity over quality, the functional over the beautiful, the faddish and contemporary over the traditional, the literal over the metaphorical, the material over the spiritual, the impersonal over the personal, pleasure over duty.

The Technocratic Ethos

The technocratic ethos has permeated every aspect of our society (and of other non-totalitarian societies as well): it affects our education, architecture, art, literature, television, newspapers, magazines, medical practices, scientific experiments, legal decisions, and—what is saddest of all—even our theology and modes of public worship. This Benthamism holds that the lowest common denominator of opinion is the measure of right and wrong; it is the doctrine of *I'm OK, You're OK* shallowness and complacency about the self, of "everybody does it, so why feel guilty"—guilt being "unproductive." Benthamism is the "philosophy" appropriate to the Waste Land.

Fortunately, all is not so bleak as I have indicated. The technocratic ethos does not dominate equally everywhere. Particularly in the South, where the so-called "death of God" and "liberation" theologies never made much of an impact and where rural, agrarian values remain strong despite urbanization and industrialization, we are aware of how much variety still exists in our country, despite all the leveling tendencies of the age. And despite the tremendous inroads of technocratic thinking in the universities, there has arisen within serious academic circles what William F. Buckley Jr. has termed a spirit of "resistance to the twentieth century and its version of progress" and the "hideousness of a science-centered age." Such leaders as Voegelin, John Hallowell of Duke, Gregor Sebba of Emory, William Havard of VPI, Harold Weatherby and Walter Sullivan of Vanderbilt —note that all of these men are Southerners or have a strong connection with the South—are talking back to the dominant technocratic spirit of the age and refuse to regard its victory as inevitable. Perhaps future historians will even speak of a "Southern Renaissance" that occurred in our time, and that marked the beginning of the end of the Waste Land. It is not too much to hope for.

The issue before us Americans is whether we shall endure indefinitely a closure of the life of the spirit in our society, or whether we might participate in a new creative period of openness and renewal.

The Saving Remnant

As we approach our Bicentennial, the fate of our nation hangs in the balance. We are fortunate enough to have both the chance to reverse the flow of "progress" for our community, and the intellectual and spiritual freedom as individuals to extricate ourselves from the baleful influences of the age. As Voegelin has observed, "he who has had enough of the revolt against the Ground [of Being]" need only cease to participate in the revolt. He can then open his soul to participation in that reality which is our origin and our end.

And we shall be strengthened in the effort by the knowledge that we are not alone: in the depth of our psyches the divine pneumatic-noetic partner is with us—the "hooded man" of Eliot's *Waste Land*—and at the social level there are kindred souls who are also seeking social and cultural renewal. If we can avoid spiritual pride, we may even serve as a "saving remnant" for our time.

Cultural renewal is a mysterious process; it almost always has small beginnings. A saving remnant need not be large. As Eliot puts it in *Four Quartets*:

. . . And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business. □

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The Churches and the Devil

SINCE THE BEGINNING of the year, there have been several reports—as yet unconfirmed—that the officials of some Christian denominations are considering issuing a momentous declaration, for the guidance of their members, on a cornerstone tenet of Christianity. According to the reports, these denominations are preparing to deny the existence of the Devil.

This may seem a pointless exercise to those inured to a mechanistic and essentially non-Christian view of the universe. But, at least for believers, it is ominously significant. Any such official denial by a self-styled Christian group will inevitably reduce that group to the pathetic status of those sects that no longer belong to the Church of Jesus, but have arbitrarily chosen what pleased them and omitted what they found uncomfortable or embarrassing in the traditional teachings of Christianity.

Belief in the Devil is, for the enlightened modern mind, the epitome of both the uncomfortable and the embarrassing in Christian doctrine. Uncomfortable, because to believe in the Devil, one has to admit the existence of a bodiless something, intelligent, hating, dangerous, and alien to mankind; an enemy of each of us and of our whole race, with whom we have to contend individually and collectively. Embarrassing, because, like every element of spirit, the Devil cannot be quantified, and quantifiability is the only modern criterion for "truth." All other criteria are unscientific and hence invalid.

The Church people who would deny the existence of the Devil are nearly as vocal as their reasoning is confused. We are troubled, they say, by the sudden popularity of the occult: the mushrooming interest in astrology, witchcraft, and devil worship; the eerie outbreaks of irrational group behavior. Besides (and this is supposed to be the clincher), modern psychology and physiology have eliminated the *need* for such a belief. We know that evil, if there is such a thing, is within each one of us; it is not a being lurking in the world, an embodiment of malice slinking about outside us. That—the "Devil"—is nothing more than a primitive myth.

We are to believe that evil is only within us simply because depth psychology, anthropology, and the behavioral sciences tell us so. Their practitioners would perform a kind of spiritual taxidermy on us: empty our behavior of its human meaning and its divine truth, and stuff it with the dry straw of prefabricated disbelief and the notion (itself a prejudice) that the mind is naturally open to anything—except faith.

The Unabating Struggle

Once the Devil has been "proven" a myth by the criteria of the behavioral sciences, it follows that a morally bad act is merely the result of a psychological state, of operant conditioning, of environment, and is in no sense an act of will in which the sinner has allowed himself to be defiled by an evil spirit.

The same sort of extreme rationalism applied to human love has reduced it to little more than the effect of psychological conditioning; applied to human knowledge, it has limited its scope to that which can be verified empirically. Without an understanding of evil, the fad of the month becomes our only guide on moral questions (for nothing is "objectively" bad). In this kind of "morality," nothing that we do or fail to do makes a whit of difference.

At the heart of such confused thinking, then, there is an obvious rejection of basic Christian belief: that God decided to create a world of free beings, both spiritual and human; that some spiritual beings freely rejected God, as many human beings continually do; that, in His world, God allows the Devil, a real entity, to function as a pole of evil, as the source of all evil in persons and in groups; that Jesus became human precisely to establish within our universe the opposite pole of divine goodness; and that the real history of our race is the unabating struggle between the hideous strength of a fallen archangel and a God-man, both contending for the allegiance of free human beings.

Some Christians deny the Devil's existence because they fear that to admit it would be "pure Manichaeanism." Those who find themselves in this position would benefit from a little serious study of Christian doctrine.

Shadow of Hate

The Devil is neither a god nor godlike, as Mani held. Nor is it male or female. It is an individual spirit, originally an angel of the greatest beauty and wisdom, whose nature became horribly distorted after it rejected God. The Devil is now a tolerated functionary in an economy of salvation that, in the Christian vision, was established by the one God, Who would bestow His love and mercy upon all who sought them. When the Devil possesses humans, partially or totally, it does not enter their bodies; it locks their consenting will to its own perverse cunning, and that is how it controls their bodies and all their being. It is the oldest companion of every person—saint and sinner alike; indeed, it is with him from the moment he begins to think and choose.

Most of us experience that presence only in the sting of our own guilt. But sometimes we sense that something more powerful than the merely human —and more evil than we ever dreamed —has touched both our institutions and our fellow human beings. At those moments we glimpse the same lingering shadow that darkened the golden sands at the feet of Jesus for forty days in the desert; we recognize that shadow as the sum total of hate and contempt and *Schadenfreude*, as the only real enemy our nature has. And we know—not by reason, but by faith—that against that shadow, only a divine savior can prevail.

As the father of all lies, the Devil—and only the Devil—will smile at an official denial of its existence. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Born Unfree

"Hi. My cat has fleas."

"I see. I understand. It can happen to the best of us, no matter how careful we are." The cat-show vet has slick bedside manners. There is a Phisohexed hand on my shoulder. "Our firm manufactures this marvelous flea collar, good for three months. And an excellent spray—you realize, of course, that you'll have to deflea the house as well."

"But we have four acres." I can picture myself on all four, on all fours, aerosoling hawthorn and burdock and thistle. The vet has frowned; a small seizure of distaste. His consolatory hand is withdrawn.

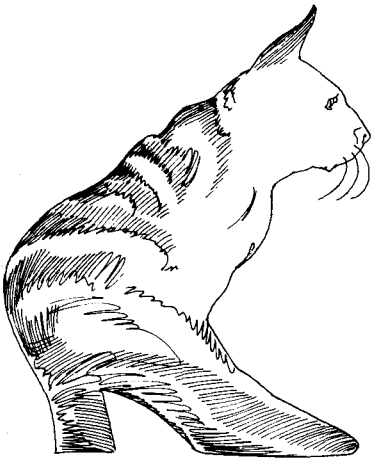
"You don't mean—heh, that you let this poor cat out?"

"Well, sure. That's where the mice are."

"Mice? I see. Mice. I don't think we can help you."

"He comes in to use the box, though. Four acres and he's too lazy to dig himself a hole. He's housebroken out of his mind."

But it's too late for banter; I've been inexcusably crass. The seated women stare at me, then away; after nine hours they are drowsy, unkempt. One uses a pet-grooming brush, angora fur woven into bleached blonde hair. Cage after cage after cage: unrewarding as blank TV screens in an apartment house lobby. DON'T PUT YOUR HAND THROUGH THE BARS. MY OWNER BITES. This is the 59th annual Empire Cat Club Show. The cats sleep, four paws caught together, like so many dead shrimp. Picnic hampers lie open; chess and patience are played on fold-out tables: could be a tailgate party that hasn't warmed up yet. The SRO mob is youngish; mostly female, more blacks than I'd expect, some uncloseted gay types. Your cat show was once a rung on the social stepladder. Without pedigree, these people are climbing. Six ladies—not a champion among them—shove past me to the judging room, hands muffed in irritable fur. They mince, models down a runway, competing by proxy. Listless young children, orphaned for the day, loiter here and there: sibling rivalry can be traumatic, but when the sibling is a seal point Siamese, you'd better hang it up.



There are no real cats here, just some Andy Warhol impressions of what a cat should be—if it wanted to crash parties thrown by Truman Capote. Each year the Persians get more grotesque: faces bred so flat you could run them off on a mimeograph. The chic—think of women's shoes—is never attractive. Fashionable things, by definition, are fashioned: time and money and conscious art have to be laid out. Beauty is haphazard, cheap; you can't reproduce it for the retail trade. And it can't be American: Balinese, Korats, Egyptian Maus, Burmese, Himalayans. Out of these three hundred-plus entries there are perhaps two dozen domestic shorthairs and those seem red-necked, surly, in overalls at a black tie dinner. The Siamese, as we know, aren't cats at all. They're a sort of dog you don't have to walk: toadyish, over-responsive, with macaw voices and pretentious intelligence. An animal that has anthropomorphized itself. I watch twenty on the judges' stand. It could be one cat: waiters in a Siamese restaurant are less alike. The judge tries to appear discerning. Stringy tail after stringy tail is drawn out and pondered; they snap back into place, twenty spring-set tape measures. The animal that looks least like a cat is chosen.

For sale: claw scissors, a snazzy wicker bed, a stump-sized scratching post. Real cats, of course, don't sleep in wicker baskets: they sleep on clean laundry and dark suits. Real cats scratch furniture and rugs, usually when some unacceptable dinner has been served. And they need claws, if not for mice, then to knead out memories of nursing on your chest. Real cats are never called L'Air De Rauch Moon Bear or Lin How San Blu Prince David. They're called Herbert or Julius or Boswell or Squints or, most frequently, by the high whine of an electric can opener. We've done unkind things to our cat community. For one, we've forced an artificial language on cats. I have six, and never yet has Cat A meowed at Cat B. They will spit and growl and brrrrp, but the meow has evolved purely as a cultural adaptation. It's human talk: the rough equivalent of "Yassuh, Baas."

CATS HAVE become a business. There was this stray Persian: some years ago my mother and I tried to breed her. The cattery woman offered stud services at a hundred bucks per one-night stand. We hesitated, but my sensible father, may he rest in peace, said, "Let's go home. I'll do it myself." That night our Persian got out and had, well, a misalliance: four kittens, each with less, lesser, still lesser, least fur. Then, one day, we found a pregnant lilac point Siamese. The father must have been domestic and red-necked. Yet by breaking Mendel's Law, she had five gawky mongrels and what seemed to be a perfect Korat. (Korats look like silver-grey Siamese; they are very chic.) Breeders learned about the fraud and, though they knew she would produce only alley cats with an Oriental accent, they set up camp on our doorstep, begging for days on end. There was money involved: they could resell her at a fat profit to some undiscrimi-

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nating sucker with pretensions. We spayed our hoax. Then gave her to someone who had a backyard.

Humane organizations hang out at the Empire Cat Show. I have one brochure that says, "a close relationship exists between goodness to people and kindness to animals; for it is not possible to cherish the one while mistreating the other." Maybe so. As I read that, Boswell leaps above the high grass: a trout breaking water to catch flies. Up again. Up again. Six-toed paws clap together; fierce grass tassels are captured and brought down. Somehow I think he'd prefer fleas to a cage at the McAlpin Hotel. If our humane people were really humane, they'd shut the cat shows down. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

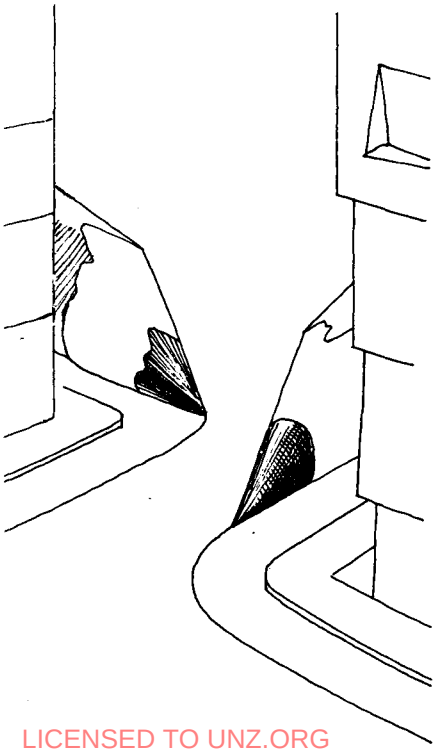
Dead Ends

It's fun to picture the editors of those two arch-rivals, *Time* and *Newsweek*, gnashing their teeth when, as often happens, they hit the newsstands simultaneously with the same cover. We are seldom afforded the entertaining spectacle of two museum directors in a similar plight over an exhibition. Nevertheless, that's just what happened this winter when both the Guggenheim Museum and the Museum of Modern Art opened displays of twentieth century drawings within a few days of each other. Nobody on either side apologized or even appeared to notice the coincidence. But the art crowd was delighted at the sight of these two highly competitive institutions, each dedicated to the presentation of "advanced" art, having thus put themselves up for comparison.

It wasn't a real contest, for the shows differed in aim and scope. The Guggenheim displayed American drawings from 1920 to the present—entitled *Three Avant-Garde Generations*—to inaugurate America's Bicentennial observances. The Modern surveyed *Drawing Now*, i.e., the Sixties and Seventies, and made a stab at internationalism by including ten foreigners among its 43 artists. Naturally, there was considerable overlap, even though the Modern more or less started where the Guggenheim left off.

What really distinguished them was the way each interpreted its theme. The Guggenheim adhered to the more or less traditional view that drawing differs from painting in its greater intimacy, simplicity, and directness; it also recognized that the Cubist invention of collage and the Surrealist practice of automatic drawing had expanded time-honored techniques and blurred distinctions hitherto considered sacrosanct. But Diane Waldman, who organized the Guggenheim's show and wrote its catalogue, saw no need to expand the definition of drawing further. Her selections were made as much for quality as for historical importance, but the sum of these parts was a stunning capsule history of so-called "progressive trends" in American art. Beginning with the abstractionists of the 1920s, the Synchromists—Dove, O'Keeffe, Hartley, Stella (but why not John Marin, whose swift water color abstractions were unique for their time?)—the exhibition touched base with most of the significant figures of later generations through Pop and Minimalism. It held few surprises, but there was a lot to enjoy.

MOMA, as hep New Yorkers like to call the Museum of Modern Art, seemed to be trying to revive its currently shaky reputation as showcase for, and elucidator of, the farthest-possible-out, by stretching previous definitions of drawing to a breaking point. Its exhibition was a near-complete roundup of current isms, starting with late Abstract Expressionists like Cy Twombly, whose scribbles—also seen at the Guggenheim—seem as automatist as those Joseph Beuys, a German, is doing nowadays. After this came the familiar Pop artists (Jim Dine's beautifully drawn carpentry tools and Jasper Johns's numbers were stand-outs); "earthworks" (Michael Heizer's motorcycle tracks photographed on the Nevada desert); "Conceptualism" (mostly in the form of "word art," printed or handwritten, sometimes intelligible, more often not); Minimalist ruled geometrics or free-form lines (the segment of a circle carved into a bit of marble by Robert Smithson was supposed to fall into this category; so was Sol LeWitt's *Straight Lines in Four Directions*, a 9′ x 12′ panel covered with a just-discernible grid of fine lines). The long corridor leading to the exhibition galleries was adorned with Robert Morris' hand- and footprints, specially executed for the occasion as a demonstration of what Barbara Rose, director of the exhibition and author of its catalogue, called "the intimate tie between drawing and touch, between art and the body." The obvious resemblance of these prints to what young children with muddy hands and feet do to nursery walls was not remarked on by Mrs. Rose; MOMA, however, was rather more permissive with Mr. Morris than the average Mom is with her kids, perhaps because enough money was contributed to this exhibition by the National Endowment for the Arts to pay for cleaning up afterward.



It would seem that the clear distinction between drawing and painting, self-evident to Goethe, has now faded into near nonexistence—if, that is, we accept what was on view at the Museum of Modern Art as drawing. Most of the critics did not; and from what I observed on two visits there, neither did the public. While many seemed fascinated by Robert Rauschenberg's Dante illustrations, Claes Oldenburg's "proposed monuments," and the slashing lines of Marc di Suvero's sketch for a sculpture, few lingered over the Minimalist and Conceptualist examples, neither of which posed any challenge to eye or mind once one had grasped the artist's usually simplistic intention. Unlike the roads traveled by great draftsmen in the past, these looked like dead ends. □

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PLACES

FRANCIS RUSSELL

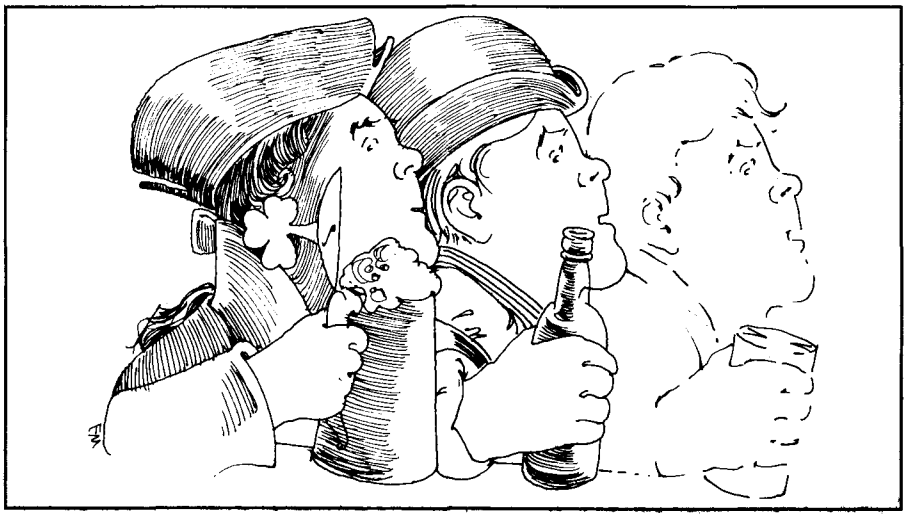
The Wearing Out of the Green

It is still two hours before the St. Patrick's Day parade, held this year on Sunday the 14th to accommodate a hoped-for larger crowd. In the old days everything except the bars shut down on March 17 on the grounds that it also marked the day in 1776 when the British troops left Boston. Evacuation Day!

I sit in my car in the parking lot at the mid-curve of Pleasure Bay—that unfortunate name Mayor Curley gave to the glittering body of water stretching into Boston Harbor—with its nestled islands, one of the world's loveliest approaches. Flocks of scaup and a few buffleheads, outposts of winter, huddle in the deeper water. Three mounted policemen, hatless and helmetless, suddenly gallop by along the beach. Farther to the right the open space in front of the Columbia Point housing project is swarming with police and squad cars. To the left of me the flat three-deckers and the pitched roofs of two-family houses follow the bay's curve, broken only by a single misplaced high-rise apartment. On this pre-spring morning, South Boston looks clean, rinsed, angular, and for the moment empty.

The first Boston St. Patrick's Day parade was held in South Boston just 75 years ago, the same year that the Irish wards took over the city by electing as mayor the able and upright first-generation Patrick Collins. Like other emergent ethnic groups, the Boston Irish began by electing their best. Then when they saw how easy it was, they elected the others. Collins was followed by Honey Fitz. The parade of 1901, though it preceded the election, was a demonstration of ethnic solidarity, of triumph—a nose-thumbing in the direction of Yankee Beacon Hill. South Boston remained the Celtic matrix, proletarian and pugnacious. The annual parade became a ritual—rowdy, profuse, blatant, beer-fringed. James Michael Curley tells in his autobiography of riding in a barouche in the 1915 parade with the then-Governor David I. Walsh, and being showered with pebbles and whiskey bottles until the horses reared.

Though the March 17 parade persisted as South Boston's crowning event, the end of the First World War found Southie itself hovering on change. In 1913, Jesuit Boston College had moved from Boston's South End to the heights overlooking suburban Chestnut Hill. The rich Irish had followed, building large if at times somewhat flamboyant mansions in that gracious area. In the prosperous Twenties, more run-of-the-mill South Boston families were reaching middle-class status and moving through Dorchester to East Milton, and further afield to West Roxbury. South Boston's population thinned. Three-deckers now held three families, rather than five or six. The suburban Irish were sending their sons to private Roxbury Latin rather than to public Boston Latin School or Boston College High.



YET, like salmon returning to their original spawning ground, the suburban Irish returned each spring to Southie's St. Patrick's Day parade. Parish bands from the outer suburbs, drilled to perfection, yet looking oddly mild and pacific compared to their Southie prototypes, marched down Broadway led by drum majorettes strutting with a flash of bare lithe thighs and proudly displaying their banners: Immaculate Conception; Holy Name. The leading pols, riding in open-tonneau funeral flower cars, were second-generation types, heavy-paunched, heavy-jowled, with that curiously beady look found only in politicians, undertakers, and professional baseball players. No Massachusetts Democratic politician or would-be politician dared miss that parade. By the Thirties the Republicans were taking heed. Yankee politicians like Leverett Saltonstall and Christian Herter managed to find enough Celt in their lineage to gain admission to the Charitable Irish Society.

I SAW my last St. Patrick's Day parade in 1949. Some of the old familiar faces were missing. But enough were left to capture the flavor of brasher days—Jim Curley with coon coat and iron mike, glad-handing the crowd; the boozy bulk of Governor Dever, for whom the Parker House had had to design a special rear exit; Knocko McCormack, brother of the former Speaker of the House, in the pale-blue clown's uniform of the Forty and Eight, his three-hundred-pound bulk hoisted onto the back of a shaggy dray horse. But by now a third generation had emerged, summed up in the lean, graceful presence of Congressman Jack Kennedy as he strode behind Dever's car, instant urbanity with a Brooks Brothers flavor, the common touch uncommonly applied. In the old days a Curley could get a jeering laugh from his Boston audience with a reference to "that place across the river" (with intimations of effeminacy or worse). Jack Kennedy's new breed, which would soon take over the city and the state, either had gone to Harvard or looked as if they had. For me, that 1949 St. Patrick's Day was the dividing line.

As I sit recalling 1949, a battered yellow sports car weighed down with boisterous teenagers pulls up beside me. They sport large shamrock-edged celluloid buttons reading KISS ME—I'M

(Continues on page 463)

Mr. Russell grew up in Dorchester and attended Roxbury Latin. He writes that one of his great-grandfathers came here from Ireland and wished he hadn't.

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BOOKS

Phototropically toward Truth

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Last European War: September 1939–December 1941
By John Lukacs
Doubleday, 562 pp., $15

Despite the fact that the so-called "revisionist historians"—creatures like Gabriel Kolko, William Appleman Williams, Gar Alperovitz, Diane Shaver Clemens: smug rovers through the parlors of the professional conventions and the pages of such publications as *The New York Review of Books*—are mainly offensive people and have come of late to look like comic ones as well, there is nothing intrinsically idiotic about so-called "revisionist history" itself. "All history," suggests Mr. John Lukacs, masterly philosophical historian, "is revisionism of a kind. The revision of history is not—or, rather, ought not to be—the monopoly of opportunists whose descriptions of the past serve but their ephemeral interests of the present—*their* present. . . . All history—indeed, all thinking—consists of the rethinking of the past."

Alas, however, rethought history *has* been taken over by historians with a lust to rewrite history so Justice—that is to say, that Justice which commends itself to the Left—may prevail. Yet, as Lukacs argues, "Historical evidence is one thing; legal evidence is another. The ultimate purpose of the latter is justice; of the former, truth. Truth is not only a deeper, it is a greater matter than justice." Because the typical revisionist is hot for Justice, he attempts the resuscitation of Stalin's image as a moral man; because Hitler was not only a palpable monster—Stalin, too, was that—but was also evil in precisely the ways that the Left is quickest to recognize, not a single one of those revisionist historians whose works Professor Robert Maddox effectively exploded a few years ago has ever taken a second look at some of the precious myths that sustain the memory of the Third Reich. But Mr. Lukacs grows phototropically toward Truth, and he has come to some conclusions about Germany triumphant which, "resting sometimes on the evidence of relatively new materials, may be unorthodox," as he prudently remarks in his introductory note.

The first and relatively brief part of the book describes the military and political events of the initial two-year period of the Second World War: from Hitler's smash into Poland in 1939 to the entry of the United States into the war at the end of 1941. During these years hostilities were confined to the European states; and during them, too, Hitler not only had a healthy chance of winning his war, but came excruciatingly close to doing so. Hitler himself grasped the fact that time was working against him, and that a declaration of war by Roosevelt was something to be delayed at all costs; after 1941 he recognized that the best he could hope for was to fight the Allies to a standstill and to wangle himself as swell a bargain as possible at the negotiating table. His great mistake was to gamble upon what he falsely perceived to be his opponents' preoccupation—equal, he wrongly thought, to his own—with traditional notions of *Realpolitik* and the balance of power. (Surely, he told himself, Churchill would prefer to see Germany hold sway over half of Europe than to see the Russians in possession of the same territory.) When he lost this gamble, the Last European War expanded into the Second World

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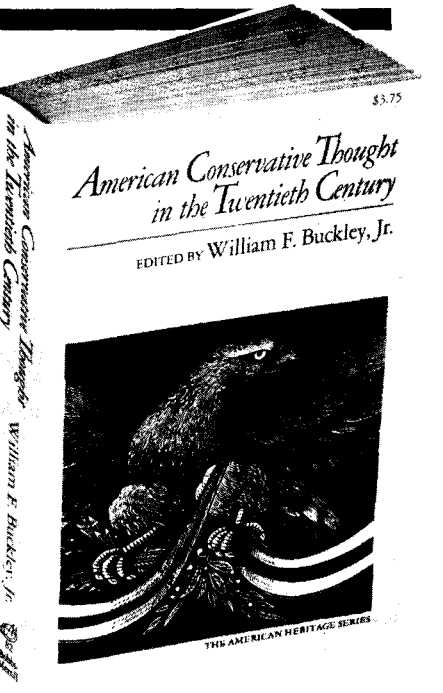
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RANDOM NOTES

■ More May Titles: Peter de Vries portrays a Middle West abandoned to the mores of the effete Northeast in *I Hear America Swinging* (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . Odie B. Faulk describes an aspect of the early days of the late American Empire in *The U.S. Camel Corps: An Army Experiment* (Oxford, $9.95). . . . Isaac Asimov's novel concerns murder at the American Booksellers Association convention in New York: *Murder at the ABA: A Puzzle in Four Days and Sixty Scenes* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . If anybody can write readable "inspirational prose and poetry," Elizabeth Goudge can, in *A Book of Faith* (Coward, McCann, $8.95). . . . The title of C. L. Sulzberger's *Go Gentle into the Night* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95) refers not to the Communization of Europe but to the sentiments of an atheist who respects faith. . . . Marc Duke describes one family's quest for a bigger bang for the buck in *The DuPonts: Portrait of a Dynasty* (Saturday Review Press/Dutton, $12.95). . . . A policeman's lot is not a happy one in the South Bronx, according to Tom Walker's *Fort Apache: Life and Death in New York City's Most Violent Precinct* (Crowell, $7.95). . . . The title of Howard Teichmann's book is markedly less witty than its subject: *Smart Aleck: The Wit, World, and Life of Alexander Woollcott* (Morrow, $10.95). . . . "The one book that tells each of us what it means to be an adult," says an ad for Gail Sheehy's *Passages: Predictable Crises of Adult Life* (Dutton, $9.95). . . . Frank MacShane has written a biography of the man who, with Dashiell Hammett, is generally credited with the invention of the detective story: *Raymond Chandler* (Dutton, $12.50).

Governor Edmund "Pat" Brown (with Bill Brown) announces that "Ronald Reagan's election to the Presidency would be a 'national disaster,'" in *Reagan: The Political Chameleon* (Praeger, $6.95). Prepare to observe Governor Brown II turn all the colors of the rainbow this political season. . . . Senator Mark O. Hatfield parades his conscience through Vietnam, Watergate, and White House prayer breakfasts in *Between a Rock and a High Place* (World Books, $7.95). . . . Pete "The Greek" Diapoulos and Steven Linakis discuss the Gallo gang in *The Sixth Family* (Dutton, $8.95). . . . A heart surgeon develops angina pectoris and falls under the knives of his colleagues in the patient's own memoir, Dr. William Nolan's *Surgeon under the Knife* (Coward, McCann, $8.95). . . . For those who still give a damn, the Great Gossip has been written up again, this time by Herman Klurfeld: *Winchell: His Life and Times* (Praeger, $8.95). . . . Duane Newcomb discusses cultivating zucchini on the balcony, in *The Apartment Farmer* (Hawthorne; cloth $7.95, paper $4.95). . . . Bob Herwig and Margot Schubert discuss the arrangement, care, and feeding of the dummies in *The Treasury of Houseplants* (Macmillan, $12.95).

War, a war that marked "the beginning of the final demise of the European state system that had lasted at least three hundred years."

What Mr. Lukacs calls "the second, and principal, portion" of the book is a social and intellectual study of Europe and the Europeans during this decisive first act of the World War. Than this second part, there is no better history written today. Lukacs' handling of myriad species of historical evidence is tremendously supple; he is able to lend them such appositeness that he convincingly incorporates into the propagation of his thesis material over which a great many historians stumble in their clumsy attempts at what they proudly describe as "interdisciplinary history."

"In many ways," Lukacs observes, "the Last European War was an ideological war—less ideological than people thought in 1940, still ideological to a considerable extent." It is, of course, quite true that, whereas during the First World War G. B. Shaw felt compelled to comment upon the inanity of Britons who applauded the bayonetting of Beethoven by Bill Sykes, during the Second World War the opening bars of the composer's Fifth Symphony were adopted as the symbol of British defiance of his tribal brothers. And yet: the Thirties had been a decade in which Socialism, all over Europe, lost converts to Fascism (think of Orwell wringing his hands in *The Road to Wigan Pier*). "Most evidence," Lukacs believes, ". . . suggests that by 1939-40 the zenith of attraction [of Fascism and National Socialism] had passed." But during the summer of 1940, as the German armies swept westward across the Continent, "the radical Right was revitalized by the opportunity that a triumphant Germany presented."

More, Lukacs argues that the popularity of National Socialism was a thing scarcely to be wondered at and, in many ways, scarcely to be deplored. The electric idea of national homogeneity was not birthed by Hitler: the Treaty of Versailles had vastly increased homogeneity all over Europe. Governments had learned to pay regard to their relations, not only with other states, but with *peoples* as well. As Europeans observed the rising fortunes of the Third Reich, they became aware that they were watching what Lukacs describes as "an economic and political revolution in the middle of Europe." As Hitler himself put it, he nationalized the people, not the economy: and under his rule Germany was —for everybody but the Jews—a far more habitable and civilized country, with respect to both material goods and civil liberties, than was Russia under Stalin. Too, German idealism remained until 1945 the great German contribution to the *Zeitgeist* of twentieth century Europe.

For these reasons, it was small wonder that by 1940 malcontents all over the Continent looked to National Socialism, rather than to Socialism, to deliver the *coup de grâce* to a decadent bourgeoisie. And thus it was that when the German troops occupied their neighbors' homelands, people—especially working-class people—met them more with relief than with revulsion. For two years there was no Resistance worthy of the name, and what resistance there was was offered by the bourgeoisie: by patriots, not by socialists. Not until the fact began to seep into the consciousness of the occupied that Hitler was not winning his war did the Resistance really take fire.

However, the instant opposition of the patriot Right perhaps provides the clue to the fundamental weakness in Hitler's strategy for the subjugation of Europe. Hitler had the wit to understand that National Socialism, not Socialism, was the wave of the future (if you doubt that he was right, consider the nature of the Third World principalities of the present day). Yet he failed to see that the very people beyond the borders of Germany who admired his perception would, in a spirit of emulation, be inspired to resist him in the fulfillment of their very own National Socialisms. Consequently he did not, having conquered France, seek to convert the French people to Wagnerite sentiments: he was content simply to dominate them. And dominate them he could not—in the end. "The Germans," Lukacs insists, "had

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the potential to rejuvenate old Europe, to extend the European age, and the primacy of Europe, in the world for centuries to come. They destroyed this prospect because of their obsession with their own primacy in Europe, finally and perhaps irrevocably, during the Last European War." Concomitantly, by their murderous policy toward the Jews, they gave Communism an—it appears—insuperable moral edge over any rightist ideology: had it not been for that policy, there would be not a single logical reason to support the present unshakable belief that National Socialism spawns governments that are morally inferior to those inspired by Marxism-Leninism.

LUKACS' BRAND of revisionism is valuable for the fact that it operates through the reconsideration of previous historical explanations, rather than through their replacement. *The Last European War* is compelling, rather than jolting, because, through simple yet inspired insights, Lukacs has been able to present a picture of human beings behaving in a way that, as he describes it, recommends itself instantly to the commonsensical imagination. Thus, where myth has it that the Right invariably collaborated and the Left invariably resisted, and that National Socialism was regarded by everyone everywhere—save for reactionaries, Italians, and Germans—to have been wicked, Lukacs has stepped in to point out to the victims of dialectical befuddlement that people don't behave in the ways historical simplifiers would have one believe they did. Hitler and Mussolini did not sweep Europe because they were convincing ideologists; they came to be regarded, by many people, as convincing ideologists because they were sweeping Europe. In these matters, it is Lukacs' guiding maxim that "men will adjust their ideas to circumstances with far more ease than they will adjust circumstances to their ideas." He has succeeded in proving that this maxim is a valid one. And in literature, as well as in politics, nothing succeeds like success. □

Rene Kuhn Bryant *is a freelance writer living in Massachusetts.* . . . **Hugh Kenner**'*s latest book is* A Homemade World: The American Modernist Writers. . . . **Vicki Marani** *is an associate editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW.

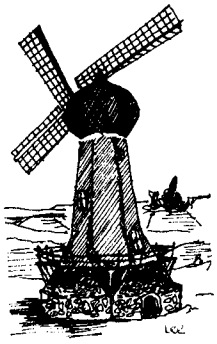
Letters Home
By Sylvia Plath
Selected and edited with commentary by Aurelia Schober Plath
Harper & Row, 502 pp., $12.50

SWEET SEVENTEEN

HUGH KENNER

As a high-school senior Sylvia Plath was already selling verse and fiction to *Seventeen* and *Mademoiselle*. She was writing in her diary sentences like, "Never, never, never will I reach the perfection I long for with all my soul—my paintings, my poems, my stories—all poor, poor reflections . . . for I have been too thoroughly conditioned to the conventional surroundings of this community . . ."; and also, "*Now, now* is the perfect time of my life."

That sounds like the heroine of a *Seventeen* story on a jag of affirmation, and also like a million adolescent diarists. In 1950 it wasn't her fluency that set Sylvia Plath apart, nor her (quite commonplace) intensity of feeling, but that knack for commercial fiction and the quite exceptional persistence that learned from countless rejections not so much how to write as what the magazines were buying.



An unusual girl, but not altogether unusual. She might have grown into a good, tough, middle-aged soap-opera scripter; there are worse destinies. She'd have remembered how to "do" the girl she once was, a valuable character to have on tap.

No, what is unusual is to find her, at 24, by then a graduate of Smith, in Cambridge (England) on a Fulbright, still pouring out the *Seventeen* idiom: "Oh, mother, if only you knew how I am forging a soul! . . . I am fighting, fighting, and am making a self, in great pain, often, as for a birth, but it is right that it should be so, for I am being refined in the fires of pain and love."

One looks round in bewilderment for signs of the pain, but she seems effervescently, even relentlessly, outgoing. As to that: "I am glad that I am outgoing and open and intense now, because I can slice into the depths of people more quickly and more rewardingly than if I were superficial or formal."

This suggests that if you didn't want your depths sliced into you'd keep clear of her, but nobody seems to have. She was a happy, gregarious girl. She wasn't, evidently, slicing. She merely cherished the belief that she was. She cherished every belief that appalling idiom embalms: that a man she met in Greenwich Village was "the most wonderful, brilliant man in the world," that a Smith prof was "the most brilliant, enchanting man I've ever known," that an editor at *Mademoiselle* was "the most brilliant, clever woman I've ever known," that one afternoon at Cherbourg shows you "why the French produce painters: all pink and turquoise, quaint and warm with life"; that *The New Yorker* for verse and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for prose were Platonic norms of literary aspiration; that Phyllis McGinley even was a poetic norm, not incompatible, apparently, with "my beloved Yeats"; and much, much more. Nabokov should be writing this story?

But it's a tragic story, everybody knows: more poignantly so than Scott Fitzgerald's, whose suicide took him decades. One strand of the tragedy, imperceptible till we had this book of letters, was the absolute coextensiveness of her thoughts and feelings with an immature style in which she could be fluent, and not in adolescence merely but right up to her thirtieth year.

Writers grow up because they cannot say what they feel, and need to learn how; in learning, they do not simply acquire an instrument, they educe and shape unguessed rigors of feeling as well.

BUT WHAT IF some unholy symbiosis between New York editorial professionalism and the Great American Teenage Aspiration has fabricated for your use a brilliant Lego-block idiom in which you can really, truly, at every moment, feel confident that your words are sincere? What if Daisy Miller had possessed both genius and a charter subscription to *Seventeen*? And met and married that remarkable man Ted Hughes? (Not even Sylvia's mother was a more extraordinary person than Ted Hughes.)

What happened between Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes is none of our busi-

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ness, though we can't help guessing a little. He took her verbal skills in hand, evidently, and she gained access to whole provinces of language (later, alone, she would draw on their riches). She had notions that she was taking *him* in hand: "To find such a man, to make him into the best man the world has seen: such a life work!" The marriage lasted six years. When he suddenly left she was a few months short of thirty. We can see no sign, till the very moment he has left, that anything is wrong.

No sign. The household Ted was to find intolerable is theme for Sylvia's usual unmodulated burble. She recites the *Canterbury Tales* for twenty minutes to a field full of cows. She worries about Strontium 90. They settle into a thatched cottage in Devon. They write, they attend the Anglican chapel evensong, Ted puts up shelves . . . Did he suddenly tire of being trapped in a *Seventeen* story? It's none of our business; I mean that. He leaves.

AND JUST as suddenly, alone, Sylvia Plath undergoes the mutation that enforces the claim of this story on our attention. She takes to rising at four and working on poems till eight ("a poem a day and they are terrific": appallingly exact word). She renounces the old slick norms ("It is much more help for me to know that people are divorced and go through hell, than to hear about happy marriages. Let the *Ladies' Home Journal* blither about those").

The poems would one day be published in a book called *Ariel*: a book unlike any other in the language: an unequivocal work of genius: cunningly shaped, seemingly the long shrill cry from the white flame at the heart of the crematorium. (That was 4 A.M. work. Afternoon letters burble still: "I want to study, learn history, politics, languages, travel. I want to be the most loving and fascinating mother in the world.")

She and two children moved back from Devon to London, to a flat in a building in which (this was important) Yeats had lived: a flat with pine bookcases, rush matting, Hong Kong chairs, a little glass-topped table, straw and black iron, even a lilac hyacinth: also the gas oven into which, on Lincoln's birthday, 1963, she thrust her head. □

The Book of Abigail and John: Selected Letters of the Adams Family
Edited and with an introduction by L. H. Butterfield, Marc Friedlaender, and Mary-Jo Kline
Harvard, 398 pp., $15

BEST OF FRIENDS

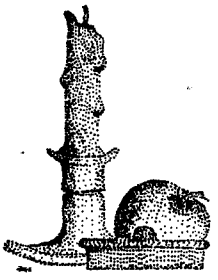
VICKI MARANI

John Adams once urged his wife, Abigail, "to consider, if some of your Letters had by any Accident been taken, what a figure they would have made in a Newspaper to be read by the whole World. Some of them . . . would have made you and me, very ridiculous." In this lovely edition of their correspondence, Adams' worry becomes our delight: we are treated to a feast of political and domestic fare by two of our most illustrious—and prolific—Founding Parents.

Adams' membership in the Continental Congress and his diplomatic assignments in Europe kept him away from his beloved Braintree, Massachusetts much of the time, but Abigail was a faithful correspondent—so faithful, in fact, that she frequently found fault with her husband's sometimes slow and insufficiently emotional replies. She wrote that his letters "let me know that you exist, but . . . I want some sentimental Effusions of the Heart." Such reproaches pained John deeply: "If I were to tell you all the Tenderness of my Heart, I should do nothing but write to you . . . I write you as often and as much as I ought." That "ought," the strong sense of duty it implies, is a persistent theme throughout the letters.

The significance of the times they lived in and of the sacrifices patriotic duty obliged them to make was not lost upon John and Abigail. Their belief that posterity would benefit from their struggles in what they recognized as a critical period of American history reinforced the love that bound them close despite years and miles of separation. Sometimes Abigail's only consolation while living without her "Best of Friends" was her realization that John was "a principal actor, in laying a foundation for [our Country's] future Greatness." Increasingly, she came to understand the value of her own role in laying that foundation, and to feel "no small Satisfaction . . . that my country is like to profit so largely by my sacrifices."

Much has been made lately of a letter from Abigail to John in which she urged him, "in the new Code of Laws . . . [to] remember the Ladies . . . Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If perticuliar care and attention is not paid to the Laidies we are determined to foment a Rebelion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, or Representation." Those who think that these remarks make Abigail the first American feminist do her a great disservice: they underestimate both her wit and her intelligence. In a few sentences, she has artfully worked in the major issues over which the Revolution was fought, and transferred the conflict from the political to the conjugal realm. Abigail's letters, taken as a whole, demonstrate that she was as firm a believer in the "Despotism of the Petticoat" as was her husband, who coined the phrase.



ABIGAIL HAD a passion for writing; her letters touched upon every conceivable subject—from trusty political maxims and ancient history, to the daily problems encountered in raising four lively children during wartime inflation, smallpox epidemics, and enemy bombardments. Yet those letters are also rich in encouragement and unflagging support for her equally war-weary husband. "You are an Heroine," he wrote her in 1775. And indeed she was.

As for Adams himself, his outward coolness and reserve led foreign diplomats to call him the "Churlish Patriot." Yet, in his letters to Abigail, he emerges as a warm and loving husband,

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a devoted father, and a tireless worker on behalf of his country. A trifle vain and proud, perhaps—for all his protestations to the contrary, he never did seem quite willing to accept virtue as its own reward—but who would begrudge a man the praise he deserves merely because he knew he deserved it? The John Adams who hoped that posterity would cherish its hard-won freedom—otherwise "I shall repent in Heaven, that I ever took half the Pains to preserve it"—was the same John Adams who so often doubted his fitness for the tasks his countrymen—and history—laid before him. In 1774, he wrote Abigail: "I go mourning in my Heart, all the Day long, tho I say nothing. I am melancholly for the Public, and anxious for my Family, as for myself a Frock of Trowsers, an Hoe and Spade, would do for my Remaining Days." On more than one occasion in his next quarter-century of public service, he would find himself expressing those very same sentiments.

The editors have included several diary entries to complement the letters, along with 25 illustrations from eighteenth century sources; and they have thoughtfully retained all the original spellings. *The Book of Abigail and John* is one of those rare volumes that can enrich either a spare moment or several hours of sustained reading. □

FICTION

Travesty
By John Hawks
New Directions, 128 pp., $5.95

IMAGINARY DEATH

CHARLES NICOL

John Hawkes has long been one of our most admirable authors, quietly keeping to his own path, in and out of the tunnels of darkness. Comic, erotic, and often terrifying, his novels wander into dreams from which the reader does not wish to wake, trances of the sort Nabokov calls "aesthetic bliss." Neither quite real nor expressly fantastic, Hawkes's situations compel us to recognize that we harbor their equivalents within ourselves. A typical passage from *Travesty* may help define Hawkes's world.

> Yes, ours is a landscape of indifferent hunters and vanished lovers, *cher ami*, so that but to exist on such a terrain, aware of blood and manure, of the little paper sacks of poison placed side by side with bowls of flowers on the window ledges of each village street, or aware of the unshaven faces of our local pharmacists or of the untended pubescence of the girls who work in our markets and confess their fantasies in our darkened churches—yes, simply to exist in such a world is to be filled with a pessimism indistinguishable from the most obvious state of sexual excitation.

These are not random details, nor are they chosen to delineate the little European villages through which this novel passes; they are symbolic catalogues of sex and death intended to elicit recognition of similar landscapes within the reader.

Always, then, Hawkes must find the precise detail to continue the reader's headlong plunge into the dream. When the detail fails, the fiction seems excessively mannered, as when the narrator conjures up the image of his wife undressing, and describes a tattoo, "just there, adorning that small area between navel and pubic hair . . . the cluster of pale purple grapes on yellow stems—yellow stems!—that coils down from the navel of our Honorine." We have come to expect such things from Hawkes, and when they fail to work behind our retinas they are merely grotesque ornaments, the skulls of small animals hung from Christmas trees. There is some merit to the accusation, made by a reviewer of a previous novel, that Hawkes is a member of the middle-aged avant-garde. But his work is usually rich and satisfying, and his best is not behind him.

The present novel is, however, disappointing. The situation is extremely simple: while driving a powerful car over country roads at a hundred miles an hour, the narrator explains to his daughter and his friend that he will soon crash the car into an already designated stone wall, leaving no survivors. That the friend has taken both the narrator's wife and daughter as mistresses explains little, and despite two hours of non-stop talking (we hear only his voice), the narrator never satisfactorily justifies his decision. We are apparently required to read the story in some other manner.

The title helps explain the riddle. "Travesty" is a term applied by the narrator to an ambiguous event in his past, where he did or did not run down a little girl walking with an older man described—like the friend in the car—as a poet. The coming disaster is a distortion of this obsessive memory. In fact, the present is a kind of dream, the kind of dream such a memory might produce: now the poet and the girl are in the car with me, and soon we will crash into a stone wall and die. As in a dream, the death scene is not—cannot be—described. The narrator's credo, Hawkes's own, is conveniently italicized just before the end of the novel: "*Imagined life is more exhilarating than remembered life*"—a novel should celebrate our necessary imaginations, rather than our chance realities.

Skimming over back roads at night, with the wheels barely holding the humming curves and outside objects less seen than felt to be there, nicely approximates the mental equipoise of dreaming. Hawkes has found his objective correlative. But while Hawkes is able to evoke the response he wishes, this is not one of his major visions. The narrative is essentially a single sustained moment, and really does not have the stamina of a novel. He should have pared it down to a short story, instead of allowing it to expand to novella length. The note on the dust jacket describing *Travesty* as the last novel of a trilogy "concerned with sex, myth, the imagination, and the absurd" — a trilogy that supposedly includes *Blood Oranges* and *Death, Sleep, & the Traveler*—is another false note designed to inflate this work's importance; I trust, however, that John Hawkes was not responsible for the publisher's blurb. The description is accurate enough for all of his works, but has no specific application to these last three. And these three novels are not related to each other.

Travesty has some splendid moments, but the reader who is not already a Hawkes fan would be advised to start with something else. □

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The Memoirs of a Survivor
By Doris Lessing
Knopf, 213 pp., $6.95

MRS. LESSING'S VANISHING POINT

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Some novelists strike one as far more adept at not writing (or knot writing) than at writing. And if that statement seems obscure, it is, nevertheless, a fair sample of Doris Lessing's miasmic influence as manifested in her latest novel. *The Memoirs of a Survivor* is a bleak, meant-to-be-menacing fantasy of a vague, near-future time in a vague, near-familiar place—a fantasy that, although detailed, is devoid of color, of texture, of shape.

A spinster or widow or divorcee of education and means lives alone in an unspecified city in an unspecified country. Her life is spent watching from her window the effects of the dissolution of organized society following the occurrence of unspecified catastrophe(s). Early in the book, but at an undefined point in the course of the events it describes, a stranger leaves in her care 12-year-old Emily, whom she has never laid eyes on before, and the child's inseparable companion Hugo, a dog that looks like a cat. To heighten the ambiguity, there is a wall that dissolves from time to time of its own accord. This enables the narrator to wander from her apartment through a honeycomb of rooms and open spaces beyond. These are, variously: decorated, in great disorder, landscaped, empty, and occasionally peopled with strangers she takes to be Emily's parents, moving in different planes of time. They are a cryptic lot in any event, but they are accepted by the narrator with the equanimity with which the incongruities and astonishments of a dream are accepted.

But presently, the reader's mind begins to stir restively, as day overlaps day indistinguishably, as the phantasmagoria over and over again seems to be building to profound dramatic climax only to peter out in commonplaces. Perhaps if one knew what cataclysm had so shattered this society, its fate would be more interesting. But it is not until the novel is more than two-thirds gone that the disclosure is made. Until this point, the catastrophe has been referred to only as "it." Unpretentious and uncapitalized, "it" has reduced a great metropolis to a ghost town, an entire population to wandering tribes, all civilized values to meaningless memories. And what, at last, is "it" revealed to be?

"Perhaps, after all," writes Mrs. Lessing, "one has to end by characterizing 'it' as a sort of cloud or emanation, but invisible, like the water vapor you know is present in the air of the room you sit in, makes part of the air you know is there when you look out of a window. . . . 'It' was everywhere, in everything, moved in our blood, our minds. 'It' was nothing that could be described once and for all, or pinned down, or kept stationary; 'it' was an illness . . . 'it' was, finally, what you experienced. . . ."

There you have it.

Complex character creation, spellbinding plot-spinning, delicate character interplay, bright dialogue—none of these has been regarded as Mrs. Lessing's forte in earlier novels, and *Memoirs of a Survivor*, alas, is no exception. In those earlier writings, her choice of fiction as a vehicle for her ideas seemed almost accidental and perhaps irrelevant. Her weaknesses as a novelist were beside the point since, despite them, she was an intellectually stimulating, philosophically provocative social commentator. In *Memoirs of a Survivor*, however, her indifference to the demands of fiction becomes both obvious and oppressive. Although Mrs. Lessing follows the same patterns she has traced before, the result here is nightmare rather than revelation. And the principal trouble with nightmares is that their terror and meaning, so real to the dreamer, diminish to the vanishing point in the telling. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EDGE, *by John V. Lindsay (Norton, 236 pp., $7.95).* When John Lindsay, the last of the great image politicians of the Sixties, finally soft-shoed off the political stage a few years back—just a graceful buck-and-wing ahead of New York's financial collapse—we knew we'd be hearing from him again, although perhaps not as a novelist. Predictably, Lindsay brings to the writing of fiction many of the same qualities he brought to politics—in particular, wooden language and the ability to string together an endless supply of clichés—all indicative of a paucity of original ideas. Yet despite all those quintessential Lindsayish flaws, this is a surprisingly good first novel that is sustained primarily by the central character and his wife. (Lindsay has a way with women, in real life and in fiction; in both cases this is a distinct gift.) Congressman Mike Stuart, a crusading liberal out to break up a military coup, is, like his creator, charming, likable, decent, and in many ways uncomfortably superficial. But, unpredictably, Stuart is aware of his superficiality and struggles throughout the novel to transcend it. Though he never quite succeeds, there is an honest, introspective, and even at times intelligent streak apparent in the work of his creator that many of us never saw in Lindsay before. Not a bad job at all; *The Edge* might even have been published had its author been named John V. Schwartz.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

MAIGRET AND THE BLACK SHEEP, *by Georges Simenon (Harcourt, 158 pp., $6.95).* This excellent psychological novel can only nominally be classified as a murder mystery, since it violates the fair-play deduction rule, and it is far too realistic to be called escapist entertainment. The suspense is extraordinary; I found it impossible to lay the book aside for the two hours it would have taken to watch *Deliverance* on television. However, what makes it well worth reading is not so much its plot as its mood, which, despite a gloomy reflectiveness, is surprisingly reassuring. It is a paradox that this story of kind, respectable, "good" M. Josselin's violent death—at the hands of a person he knew extremely well—should make us feel optimistic about human nature, but that is what Simenon's sympathetic insight achieves. His Superintendent Maigret is so thoroughly civilized (except for the one appalling lapse at the top of page 44, for which allowances must presumably be made because of his nationality) that his wholesomely masculine presence sets the sad but serene tone for the book. What makes Maigret perhaps the most believable of all famous fictional sleuths is that his qualities are realistically understated. Simenon makes us gradually aware of the character's intelligent fairmindedness and unfailing courtesy—so obviously deriving not from social convention but from an instinct to do, always, the considerate thing. And it's easy to assume that Maigret's humanism is Simenon's, because a subtle sense of love, all the more moving for its detached and unsentimental mode of expression, pervades his writing. We can feel his compassion even when he is at his most ironic, as when Dr. Larue and the two detectives order brandies and the doctor explains why Josselin postponed marriage until his mid-thirties: " 'On the one hand, he did not want to leave [his mother] alone. On the other, he did not feel he had the right to inflict the presence of a sick woman on a young wife. He worked hard, and lived only for his business.' 'Cheers.' 'Cheers.' " *Mais oui.* Three of them.

STEVE OWNBEY

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RUSSELL

(Continued from page 455)

IRISH. They are well-supplied with six-packs, which they now unpack. I get out of my car and prepare to lock it. The beer-drinkers eye me amiably, perhaps because I am wearing my green tie, its thin red and yellow striping scarcely apparent. It is really my old British Intelligence Corps tie. The driver offers me a can of beer as I pass.

With almost two hours to go, I wander along the lower South Boston grid streets, East Seventh, East Eighth, looking for the houses where my immigrant great-grandmother lived over a century ago, the addresses copied from old directories. But the buildings, I find, have been demolished.

The houses verge on one another, three-deckers, six-deckers, modified tenements. What is most striking is their glistening good order. Windows shine against their aluminum edging, paint is fresh, mortar pointed, shingles renewed or sometimes covered with mock-stone siding from Sears Roebuck. These multi-familied houses form a compact community, close-knit as suburbs no longer are, fiercely loyal, not to be challenged. It is a safe community. I pass a baby sleeping in its carriage on the sidewalk beside a wooden front stoop. There are not many parts of Boston where one would care to leave a baby alone. Some windows have signs, "Remember Black Tuesday" or "Wake Up, America!" or, more simply, "RESIST." There are ruder words smeared on walls.

A scattering of windows have shamrocks and leprechauns pasted on them, the residual motif. But, despite the legend and the leprechauns, Southie's Irishness is much diluted. I doubt that Irish-Americans now form much more than a third of the population. Following the Celtic exodus to the suburbs, Russians and Poles sifted into South Boston, attracted by its ingrained Catholicism and the cheapness of its houses. After World War II came an influx of Baltic DPs. Today, one of South Boston's largest and most modern buildings on Broadway is the Lithuanian Citizens Association.

The Balts bought rundown houses on the cheap and spent most of their spare time and money and skills repairing, refitting, painting, papering, remodeling. Their transplanted roots are solidly in Southie, and, as with most of this home-owning community, their houses are their savings. This blue-collar peninsula is not so much racist as afraid. Southies know that the black Columbia Point project just across Pleasure Bay is a perilous place that even firemen hesitate to enter for fear of being sniped at from the roofs. They may not be aware of the sociological explanations but they know that with a black invasion, property values collapse and disintegration follows. They have seen it happen in the Roxbury Highlands and in Dorchester. Their homes are all they have. As they see it, the integration of their schools is the first step toward the destruction of the community that, for all its meager aspect, they love. They are ready to fight for it. So, to outsiders Southie has become a symbol of bigotry, violence, resistance to law and to open education—a blot on liberal Massachusetts.

Up the hill, and I stand on that intersection where East and West Broadway part company. I look down Dorchester Street past St. Augustine's for my first glimpse of the parade. An echo of drums now, an off-beat reverberation, a hint of brass, and a flutter of flags. Police are everywhere, some in white caps, some in blue. A police car parked next to a florist's is full of riot helmets. The florist is selling little pots of shamrocks and plastic shillelaghs. Vendors—most of them Puerto Ricans—are hawking green flags embossed with harps, green berets, green plastic horns and shillelaghs, KISS ME—I'M IRISH buttons, and masses of green balloons that from a distance look like bunches of grapes. As the van advances up Dorchester Street, the massed flags—national, state, and legion—sway to the music. Motorcycle police in riot helmets cruise up and down warningly. A warty, slack-faced man in front of me is wearing one of those vendors' green tams and a KISS ME button. The good-looking girl beside me sees the pin, wrinkles up her nose, then glances at me and we both smile. We are friends now. Someone is leading a white spitz, its ears and paws painted green.

American Legionnaires and Veterans of Foreign Wars are the first to march past, puffy and earnest, walking proof that young men who take off uniforms should never put them on again in later life. Next, the Marines—chin straps and crew cuts. The color guard is flanked by two petite female Marines carrying rifles. A Coast Guard detachment follows, then a firemen's band. All are lily-white this afternoon, paraders and spectators alike, not a single black or

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[PATRICK J.] BUCHANAN:

[NATO] An Alliance in Danger.

All West Europe leads the Communist bloc in denouncing pro-Western Spain for executing terrorist assassins, while Communist killings of refugees along the frontier, and Soviet executions for "economic crimes," go unprotested.

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brown face to be seen in South Boston. The parish bands that once strutted past me have much diminished in number, and those still marching have lost most of their strut and precision. The boys and girls are much younger, preadolescent. Teenagers are apparently no longer willing to submit to drill-team discipline. The ranks of politicians too have diminished, thinned to state representatives, city councilors, the rejects of the School Committee. Suddenly there is sustained clapping. Louise Day Hicks, the Barbara Frietchie of forced busing, walks up the hill alone, a one-woman parade, a symphony in green. She is wearing a RESIST brassard and looks thirty pounds lighter than when she was running for mayor. Her hair is freshly dyed for the occasion (brown, not green). A skelter of children follows at a discreet distance carrying white plastic crosses in memory of Frank Stagg, the IRA leader who died on a hunger strike. Then two grim men with a banner: ENGLAND GET OUT OF IRELAND. I notice a mild-faced man who looks like our local hardware dealer and wears the same dinky hat. A swatch of mourning cloth is pinned to his sleeve and an IRA badge to his lapel.

So they pass, bands and more bands, flags and more flags. A plane trails the letters GOD BLESS SOUTHIE. Courtesy of the Herb Connolly Buick Company, Miss South Boston and her court, chewing gum almost audibly, wave from the back of an immense convertible. Next, the glittering brass and glossy red and white house colors of the Budweiser Brewing Company wagon drawn by six superbly groomed Clydesdales, their massive tails braided and twined with red ribbon—but not a touch of green on the equipage. After an interval, a detachment from the National Guard's Yankee Division, with ROAR chalked on the leading jeep.

Massachusetts officials have made this their personal evacuation day. Southie is poison to them. Ted "Quality Education" Kennedy is busy elsewhere, as are Senator Brooke, Governor Dukakis, Mayor White. I see the crowd surge across lower Dorchester Street. It is the end of the parade, an attenuated parade, a whimpering end. However Southies choose to face it, the life has gone out of their great day. Those about me, including the KISS ME man, are drifting off, the vendors putting away their goods. Someone gives me a slight poke in the ribs. It is the girl who smiled at me earlier. "Good-bye," she says optimistically, "see you next year!" □

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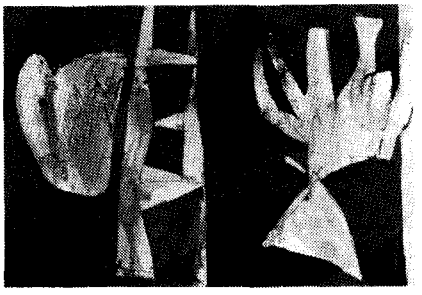

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Nixon as the Last Picture Show

On The Right

New York, April 2—I don't know when perspective is going to set in, but until it does, read me, pray, out of that fraternity of self-adulators who surround Woodward and Bernstein as the exemplars of a new journalism fired by ethical concern. I haven't seen the movie, but it is an ironic master-stroke that it should star Robert Redford. The last time out on the boards, Redford was a CIA agent who was finally revolted by his profession. Now he is born again, unburdened of doubts: I Was a Spy for Woodward & Bernstein, and Found Out All about Pat Nixon's Sex Life.

Attempt, for a moment, to recapture perspective. A gang of over-zealous Republican pols decide they should find out what is going on in Democratic headquarters, and to that end organize a team to burglarize those offices and bring out information that might be politically useful. The end result of that attempted invasion of the professional privacy of Lawrence O'Brien was a dozen people in jail, and the resignation of a President of the United States, for the first time in history.

The reputation, meanwhile, of the only prominent surviving Cabinet member of that Administration has been under constant attack because he had a hand—how direct, we do not know—in expediting a dozen telephone taps that sought to isolate the sources of leaks of national security information. It is ceaselessly pointed out by the critics that one or two of the people whose telephones were tapped were in no visible way connected with national security matters, giving rise to the possibility that a Republican Administration had a prurient interest in the private affairs of these men. Notwithstanding these events, about which the contention continues, one fact does stand out. It is that not a single personal detail about the lives of the tappees has ever seen public print. Mr. Morton Halperin is engaged in an extensive civil lawsuit against Henry Kissinger, the abstract merits of which are here extraneous. It remains a fact that the public knows not a single thing about Morton Halperin's sex life, his religious habits, his alcoholic intake, or even whether, at night, he is given to fantasizing conversations with Thomas Jefferson.

It is with this background that one judges the activities of the bunch of people identified with the investigation that brought down a President—featuring *their* invasions of privacy. The difference between Richard Nixon and Mrs. Graham is that he was an unsuccessful snoop with a finite curiosity about human weaknesses; while she, as employer and now as purveyor, is a sponsor of successful snoops whose curiosity is entirely unlimited.

Perhaps their imagination is as unlimited as their prurience. We cannot know how much of the current garbage about Richard Nixon has been fabricated. It hardly matters. It matters very much that Nixon has to skulk out the rest of his life in San Clemente, while those who receive the Pulitzer Prizes and the Woman of the Century Awards take out advertising space telling you how, by merely buying their product, you can learn everything about the private lives of Richard and Patricia Nixon.

It is alleged that, on that final evening, after he had reported to the American people that on the very next day, at noon, he would resign the Presidency of the United States, Richard Nixon called Henry Kissinger to the White House. Kissinger—it is said—saw a broken man. It is not clear what else he might have been expected to see. And that Richard Nixon turned to Kissinger and expressed himself as an imperfect Christian, even as Kissinger was an imperfect Jew, and suggested that they go down on their knees, and pray for help.

One gathers that this is the act from which one is encouraged to deduce that Nixon was *really* bonkers. Praying! On your *knees*! I mean, it's not what the British call PLU (People like Us). The profiteers of this last go around against Nixon had better get down on their knees and pray that the Lord is infinitely merciful, because if He is anything less than that, they are in trouble. □

KISSINGER'S ALTERNATIVES

New York, March 31—Some will remember, most others conveniently forget, the scorn with which Governor Reagan was treated early in his ordeal in New Hampshire when he would say to his audiences that a) we should not permit to happen to Angola that which was now happening to it; but that b) it would be inappropriate to specify what measures exactly he proposed, to bring pressure against Cuba and the Soviet Union.

"DALLAS, MARCH 23. SPECIAL TO THE *New York Times*. In the news conference today, reporters repeatedly sought to have Mr. Kissinger be specific about what the United States would do to back up the Administration's repeated warnings to Cuba—made firmly again last night by Mr. Kissinger to 1,500 diners and loudly applauded by them.

" 'I am not prepared at this time to go beyond what I said yesterday. . . . We have made clear that we're opposed and cannot accept any further Cuban military adventures. We also made it clear that we stand strongly for majority rule and a rapid political change in southern Africa, not to be brought about by outside military forces.'

"When that answer did not satisfy reporters, Mr. Kissinger said:

" 'Look, it's impossible for any senior official to put out ahead of time all the things the United States will or won't do and all the circumstances that may arise. We have pointed out the dangers to Cuba. We are serious about what I have said.' "

In between the time the questions were put to Reagan and the time they were put to Kissinger, a) Reagan lost a few primaries, and b) Kissinger lost Angola.

Even so, Mr. Kissinger is right. You do not telegraph to the enemy your intentions. They may be darker than you suggest in your rhetoric, or more suave. The enemy should not know. If there is bluffing involved, it is correct that the most should be made of that bluffing. The point about bluffs is that they often work, and are far less pain-

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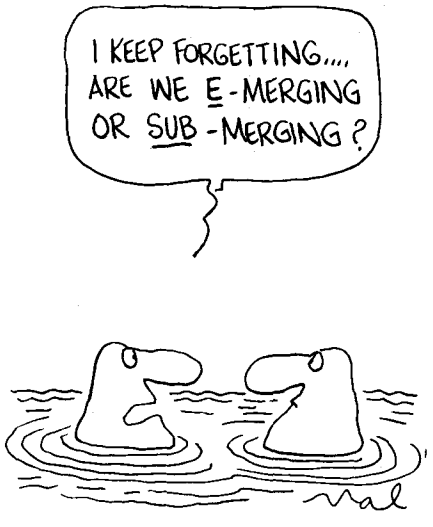
ful than the realized threat. Better to threaten an invasion of Cuba than to invade Cuba, if the same result is obtainable either way.

The alternative technique doesn't work very easily in a democracy. The Soviet Union is a master of it. When the Kremlin came to the conclusion that the Czechoslovakian spring had bloomed incontinently into the summer, there were no broadcast threats by Brezhnev, no table-pounding at the United Nations, no speeches before the Smolensk Chamber of Commerce announcing Soviet intentions. One day the army moved, and the next day it was winter again in Prague, thermostatically controlled winter ever since.

Mr. Kissinger's boss, as President of the United States, can do that kind of thing on a mini-basis. Thus we reached out and pulled back the *Mayagüez* without a single public exchange with Senator Fulbright or his brothers-in-inaction on the Foreign Relations Committee, leaving them to sing their laments about Kissinger before a largely empty chamber. But when the support of Congress is needed, as it was to help the anti-Russian forces in Angola, Congress simply failed to grant that support. In doing so, it left Kissinger with two alternatives. He had to rely, now, on a) rhetoric—hoping that the Soviet Union might find him more credible than Congress; and b) inherent Executive power, of the kind exercised during the *Mayagüez* incident.

Inevitably, there is likely to be speculation as to what it is that Ford can do without the express backing of Congress. Certainly he cannot mount an invasion of Cuba, though Kissinger is correct not to exclude even so drastic a step. The effective powers that are left to the President have to do with a) trade; and b) disarmament. The trouble with playing on the latter is that in order to frighten the Soviet Union over a failure to reach SALT II agreements, it must be implicit that the Congress would rearm substantially; and Congress appears to be in no such mood. What is left then is trade. And General Castro advises the Soviet Union patronizingly that, old hand that he is as the object of U.S. embargos, it really isn't so bad after all. □



WHAT'S GOING ON IN CHILE?

New York, April 5—The Greek Colonels have been out of power for ever so long now, and it occurs to those who care that no truly authoritative examination has been conducted on the question whether there was in fact extensive, systematic torture. In 1968, Amnesty International charged that there was such torture. A committee of the Red Cross then investigated, and could find no corroboration. Colonel Papadopoulos emotionally denied the charges. But a month didn't go by that someone didn't present himself—in Paris, or London, or New York, or Rome—as a fresh victim of the Colonels' brutality. Why don't we, now that the Colonels are safely in jail and Greece has returned to democratic government, get a final report? Why doesn't the government of Greece conduct an appropriate investigation? Or, better still, authorize the International Commission of Jurists to conduct it? Why not discover who was right?

Knowing the historical truth is a matter of ongoing usefulness. Take Chile. Never mind the disproportion for a minute. C. S. Lewis once wrote that it is itself an obscene act to concentrate on the sins of the minor offender while ignoring those of the major offender. Still, torture is abhorrent practiced on any scale, and we simply do not *know* on what scale it is being practiced in Chile. Mostly we do not know because of the obvious ideologization of concern. Senator Edward Kennedy, who will protest torture in China only if a capitalist-roader wrenches control of the country from the sainted Mao Tse-tung, wrote breezily to the *Washington Star* the other day, in commenting on my column about the Kennedy Rider forbidding aid of any sort to Chile, that as regards Chilean torture, "the facts are in." If the facts are in, one wonders why, ten days after Senator Kennedy made the declaration, three United States congressmen traveled all the way to Chile precisely to conduct an investigation of the facts—which they have now done, modestly assessing their effort as the most "intensive analysis" since the overthrow of Allende. On the basis of their "findings" they have asked their colleagues in the House of Representatives to reverse themselves, and to endorse the Kennedy Rider.

The trouble with the intensive investigation is, roughly, that it might as well never have been conducted at all, for all the confidence one can have in it. The three congressmen, Democratic freshmen who sound as if they had been borrowed from the *Village Voice*, not only declined to meet with responsible members of the Chilean government, including the head of the supreme court; they stood them up—causing a formal protest by the government and, one assumes, a greatly embarrassed U.S. ambassador, who had sought the appointments in the first instance.

THE CHILEAN question is so deeply enmired in ideology it will take a generation of revisionism to re-establish perspective. Senator James Buckley, relying heavily on the evidence of former Ambassador Edward Korry, delivered an important speech in the Senate on February 26 pointing up only a few of the glaring distortions of the Church Committee's handling of the entire Chile-Allende-CIA controversy. Now it transpires that the election of Allende as president in the first place was a fraud. You will remember he became president by getting 36.3 per cent of the vote. Well, the Chilean Electoral Commission found that between 200,000 and 300,000 votes had been illegally cast, and that the major beneficiary of those illegal votes was Allende—who won with a plurality of 39,000 votes.

And what do we do about the Organization of American States, which declined to condemn Chile after reading the report of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, preferring instead to make general remarks about torture? Why did the United Nations Commission on Human Rights decline to vote sanctions against Chile? Because it is less sensitive to brutality than Senator Kennedy?

One desires deeply to know the truth. My guess is that there is torture in Chile, and certainly suppression of human rights. My guess is that it is less than systematic, that the situation is getting better rather than worse; and that we only discredit the purity of the concern we ought to feel about torture by ideologizing it. It is ironic that the fullest press account of the three congressmen's charges against Chile that I have seen was in *El Mercurio*. Published in Santiago, Chile. □

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J. A person with I trouble — 9 171 187 51 15 32 134

K. Yacht defeated by *Columbia* for America's Cup in 1901 — 52 128 124 147 161 40 41 94 133 152

L. A Supreme Court decision the women's deliberationists should oppose — 71 49 57 75 118 176 204 183 196 125 / 142 100 162

M. The first Marquis of Queensberry boxing champion — 73 201 199 16 63 155 210

N. Provoke — 79 77 209 39 20 190 156 214 95

O. What many peaceful and nonviolent people cause — 23 60 76 81 87 96 1 4 43

P. One learned in Roman or civil law — 17 144 78 35 21 132

Q. The act of hiding something — 114 148 53 64 174 37 45 121 80

R. Independent beings — 120 58 46 67 193 211 178 218

S. Another name for the water moccasin — 159 109 131 138 166 97 91 115 5 11 / 30

T. What the British constitution is (this would have frustrated Earl Warren) — 167 179 102 122 47 59 191 170 189

U. What Liberals don't want Conservatives to have — 175 206 119 84 168 184 164 3 160 165

V. An object of worship for someone with nothing to do — 181 136 68 154

W. An item of playground equipment — 2 18 25 113 36 56 83 103 111 127 / 137 145

X. An annual published by *National Review* — 203 200 215 104 108 48 82 24

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 464 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 O	2 W		3 U	4 O	5 S	6 H	7 B		8 E	9 J		10 I	
11 S	12 B	13 E	14 F	15 J	16 M	17 P	18 W		19 G	20 N	21 P	22 I	23 O	24 X	25 W		26 A	27 I	28 B
	29 H	30 S	31 B		32 J	33 G	34 A	35 P	36 W	37 Q	38 D		39 N	40 K		41 K	42 F	43 O	44 B
45 Q	46 R	47 T	48 X	49 L		50 C	51 J	52 K		53 Q	54 G	55 I	56 W	57 L	58 R	59 T		60 O	61 H
62 C	63 M	64 Q	65 B	66 G	67 R	68 V	69 E		70 G	71 L	72 I		73 M	74 C	75 L	76 O	77 N	78 P	
79 N	80 Q	81 O	82 X		83 W	84 U	85 H		86 B	87 O	88 I	89 G	90 C		91 S	92 G	93 H	94 K	95 N
96 O		97 S	98 I	99 H		100L	101G		102T	103W	104X	105E	106F		107B	108X	109S	110E	111W
	112G	113W	114Q		115S	116C	117D		118L	119U	120R		121Q	122T		123H	124K	125L	126C
	127W	128K	129H		130E	131S	132P	133K	134J	135B	136V	137W		138S	139A	140H		141D	142L
143C	144P	145W	146G	147K	148Q	149B	150H		151E	152K	153F	154V		155M	156N	157G	158F		159S
160U	161K	162L		163G	164U		165U	166S	167T		168U	169D	170T		171J	172E	173C	174Q	175U
176L	177B	178R	179T	180D		181V	182B		183L	184U	185E		186C	187J	188D	189T	190N		191T
192A		193R	194B	195A	196L		197A	198D	199M	200X		201M	202A		203X	204L	205G		206U
207G	208H		209N	210M	211R	212G	213D		214N	215X	216B	217A	218R						

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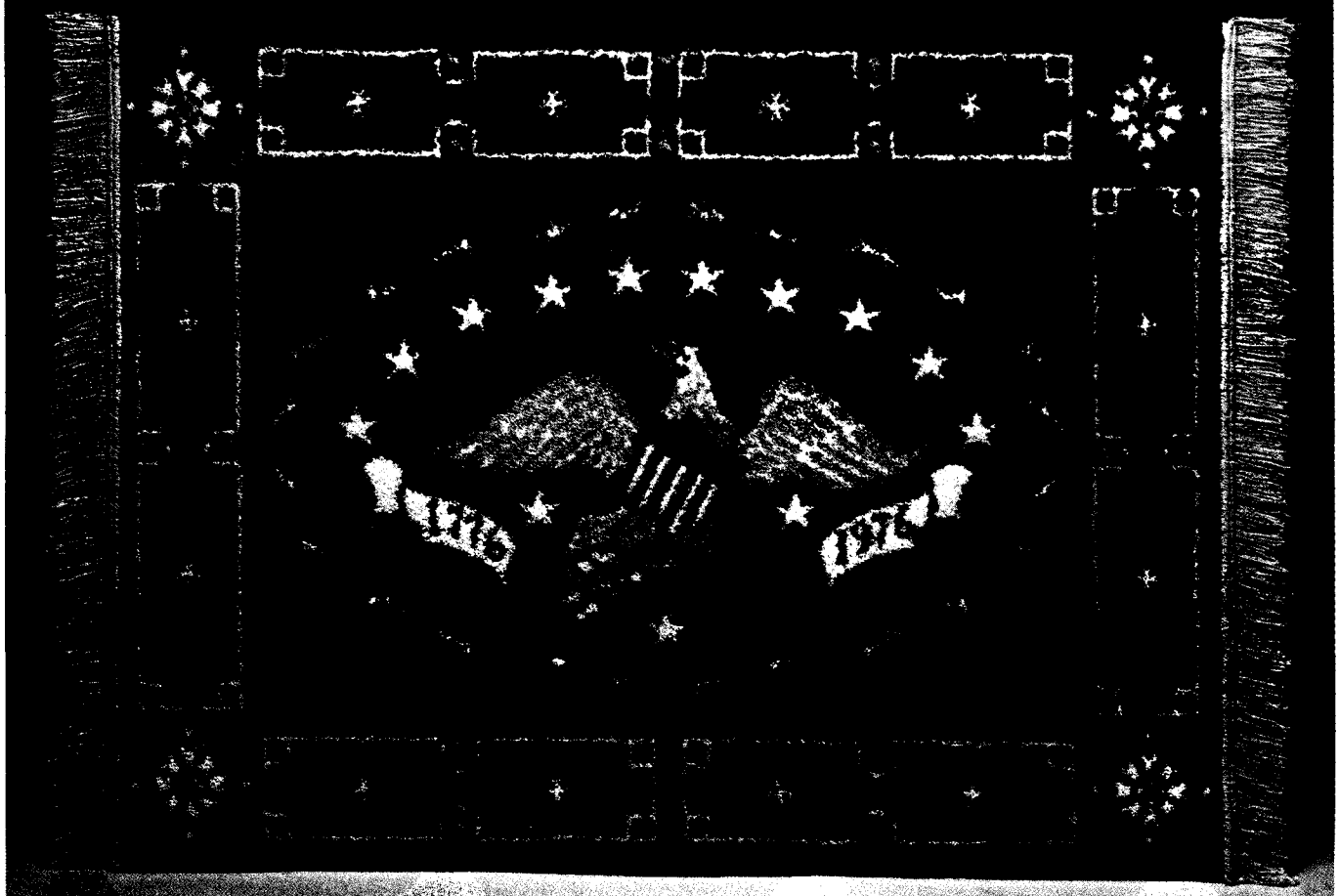

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